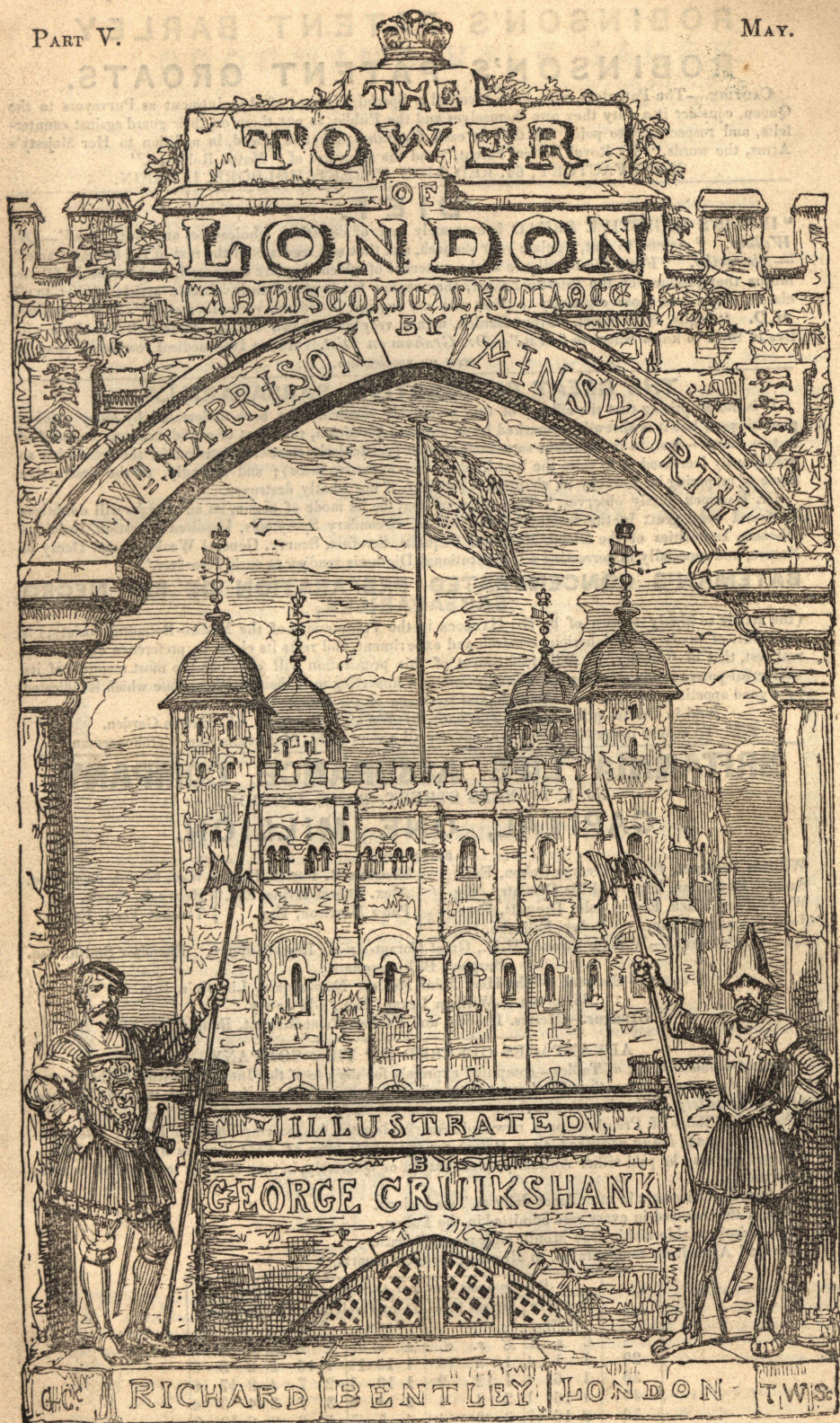


Rev. Mr. Morris

PART V.

MAY.



BRADBURY AND EVANS,]

MDCCCXL.

[WHITEFRIARS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY AND ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS.

CAUTION.—The Patentees, who have received a Special Warrant of Appointment as Purveyors to the Queen, consider it a duty they owe themselves and the Public, to put them on their guard against counterfeits, and respectfully to point out that on each *Genuine* packet is placed, in addition to Her Majesty's Arms, the words, "By Royal Letters Patent," and the signature of "Matts. Robinson."

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"INGLIS'S DIGESTIVE BREAD is extremely easy of digestion, wholesome, and nutritious."—*Dr. Walker*. "Attend to diet, regulate your stomach, and that will regulate all the rest of the human frame."—*Abernethy*. "From the excellence of the materials of which they are composed, and the healthful stimulus they produce on the intestinal canal, they cannot fail to prove an invaluable article of diet to all classes of persons, more especially to those who are engaged in sedentary employments."—*Dr. Spillan, M.D.* "Inglis, New Street, Covent Garden, makes very good brown bread. It is well for those who live in town to know where to find it."—*Dr. Graham on Diet*. Above 100 medical certificates may be seen on application.

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE, SARSAPARILLA.

It is not surprising that the efficacy of this invaluable medicine has been underrated by many medical practitioners, but it is shrewdly remarked by an eminent Physician, this want of confidence may be ascribed to two causes—first, to the spurious sorts made use of (particularly since the demand for the article has so prodigiously increased as to raise the best kinds to an excessive price); and secondly, to the destructive mode of preparing it, whereby its virtues are partially, if not wholly destroyed.

Dr. Hancock justly observes, "That whatever may be its mode of action, its advantages will doubtless be found very great in the treatment of Phthisis, Secondary Symptoms, Impaired Digestion, Insidious Diseases, Impurities of the Blood, Mercurial Sequelæ, Scrofula, Scurvy, General Weakness and Decay of Nature, and especially in correcting a Constitutional Diathesis tending to such Disorders."

BATEMAN'S CONCENTRATED PREPARATION OF RIO NEGRO SARSAPARILLA,

(the article so highly spoken of by *Dr. Hancock* in the Transactions of the Medico-Botanical Society,) is the result of many years' laborious research and experiment, and rests its claim to preference on the only real test, that of "utility." A limited course of this preparation will convince the most sceptical of its wonderful power in invigorating the Constitution, and imparting to it that healthful tone which is indicated by a good appetite, plumpness of the flesh, and freshness of the complexion.

Sold in Bottles price 7s. and 21s. each, by *WILLIAM BATEMAN*, 85, Hatton Garden.

To ensure immediate attention, address all orders to *D. MEHRTENS*, the Warehouseman.

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20	£ s. d. 1 1 4	£ s. d. 1 5 10	£ s. d. 1 10 11	£ s. d. 1 16 9	£ s. d. 2 3 8	
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GOODMAN'S VALE SAUCE.

Dear is the vender's native town,
Though cheap this product of his skill;
There Alfred (1) battled for his crown,
And graved his White Horse on our hill:

Our hill, of pic-nic spots the chieft,
Where fair ones, couch'd on flowery moss,
Enjoy our matchless Vale-fed beef,
Married to Goodman's matchless Sauce.

The bold Uffinga's (2) bones repose
Beneath our ancient Minster's cross;
On our rich soil the mushroom grows,
That lends a zest to Goodman's Sauce.

Great Condé's cook (3) fell on his sword,
Despairing at his fish-cart's loss;

1. King Alfred defeated the Danes on the White Horse Hill, and carved the Saxon standard on it, a White Horse.
N.B. He was born at Wantage.

2. Uffinga was the title of the Saxon sovereign of a district. Uffington means the Uffinga's Town. N.B. Minster means a large Church.

3. About 150 years ago, when Louis XIV. King of France was to dine with the Prince of Condé, one of the Royal Family, the Prince's cook, finding that the fish had not been sent for dinner, killed himself with the sword which was worn in those days by the Master-Cooks in great families.

A proof that Condé's princely board
Lack'd such resource as Goodman's Sauce.

For when cold scraps provoke his spleen
On washing-day, the husband cross
Shall wear again a brow serene,
Sooth'd by a taste of Goodman's Sauce.

The goose, that on our Ock's green shore
Thrives to the size of Albatross,
Is twice the goose it was before,
When hash'd with neighbour Goodman's Sauce.

And yé, fat trout and eels, who feed
Where Kennet's silver waters toss,
Proud are your Berkshire hearts to bleed,
When drest with Goodman's prime Vale Sauce.

THIS SAUCE IS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY FOR
FISH, COLD MEAT, RUMP STEAKS, GAME, WILD FOWL,
ENRICHING GRAVIES, &c.

PREPARED AND SOLD, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
T. GOODMAN, Grocer and Tea Dealer, Uffington, near Farringdon, Berks.

WARRANTED THE MOST SUPERIOR SAUCE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

London Agent, **DAVIES,** Sauce Vender, St. Martin's Lane.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL RESPECTABLE SAUCE-VENDERS IN THE KINGDOM.

WHITE'S ESSENCE OF EGLANTINE,

A highly fashionable and peculiar Handkerchief Scent, possessing extracts from the most fragrant flowers, and forming a Perfume at once sweet, durable, and refreshing. In bottles, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 8s. and in elegant Toilet Bottles, 14s. each.

WHITE'S AROMATIC PUNGENT ESSENCE.

So exceedingly useful in Head Aches, Fainting, &c., and particularly reviving in crowded rooms. In neat stoppered bottles, enclosed in Morocco cases, 3s. each.

WHITE'S GENUINE COOLING APERIENT SEIDLITZ POWDERS.

These Powders possessing absorbent as well as aperient properties, are superior to all others in Heart-burn, Indigestion, Bile, or Acidity of the Stomach, arising from a too free use of wines, spirits, or highly seasoned viands; they may be had recourse to as an agreeable and efficient saline remedy, the fixed air they contain rendering them as refreshing as Soda Water. In red boxes, lined with tin-foil, 2s. each. (warranted to keep in any climate.)

The above prepared only by **THOMAS WHITE,** Chemist, 24, Cornhill, London.

N.B. The Essence of Eglantine, and the Aromatic Pungent Essence, can be obtained of any respectable Chemist or Perfumer in the Kingdom.

Medicine Chests, fitted up with the best drugs suitable for any climate, varying in price from £2 to £20.

THOS HARRIS AND SON'S. NEW DOUBLE OPERA GLASS.

THE superiority of T. HARRIS and SON'S improved Double Opera Glasses over those of any other kind, is proved beyond dispute by the extensive patronage they continue to receive from the Nobility and the élite of Her Majesty's Theatre generally. The distinguished characteristics of these glasses are, that they possess an extraordinary magnifying power, combined with an elegant appearance, which has rendered them preferable to all others; they may be had in Ivory, Tortoise-shell, Pearl, and various other kinds of mountings, and selected from a stock the largest in London, at prices varying from THREE GUINEAS.

T. H. and SON have the pleasure to announce that (by the desire of several of their distinguished patrons) they have succeeded in completing a few of the largest and most powerful double Opera Glasses ever made, which they now submit (for the first time) to the notice of the Subscribers of Her Majesty's Theatre.

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N.B. Those persons who prefer selecting an Opera Glass at their own residence, may have an assortment sent to them, by forwarding a communication to MESSRS. HARRIS and SON, as above.

GOODMAN'S VALE SAUCE

It is a fact that Goodman's Vale Sauce is the most perfect and delicious of all sauces. It is made from the finest ingredients and is prepared in a most careful and skillful manner. It is a sauce that is suitable for all occasions and is a most valuable addition to any table. It is a sauce that is both healthy and delicious and is a most valuable addition to any table. It is a sauce that is both healthy and delicious and is a most valuable addition to any table.

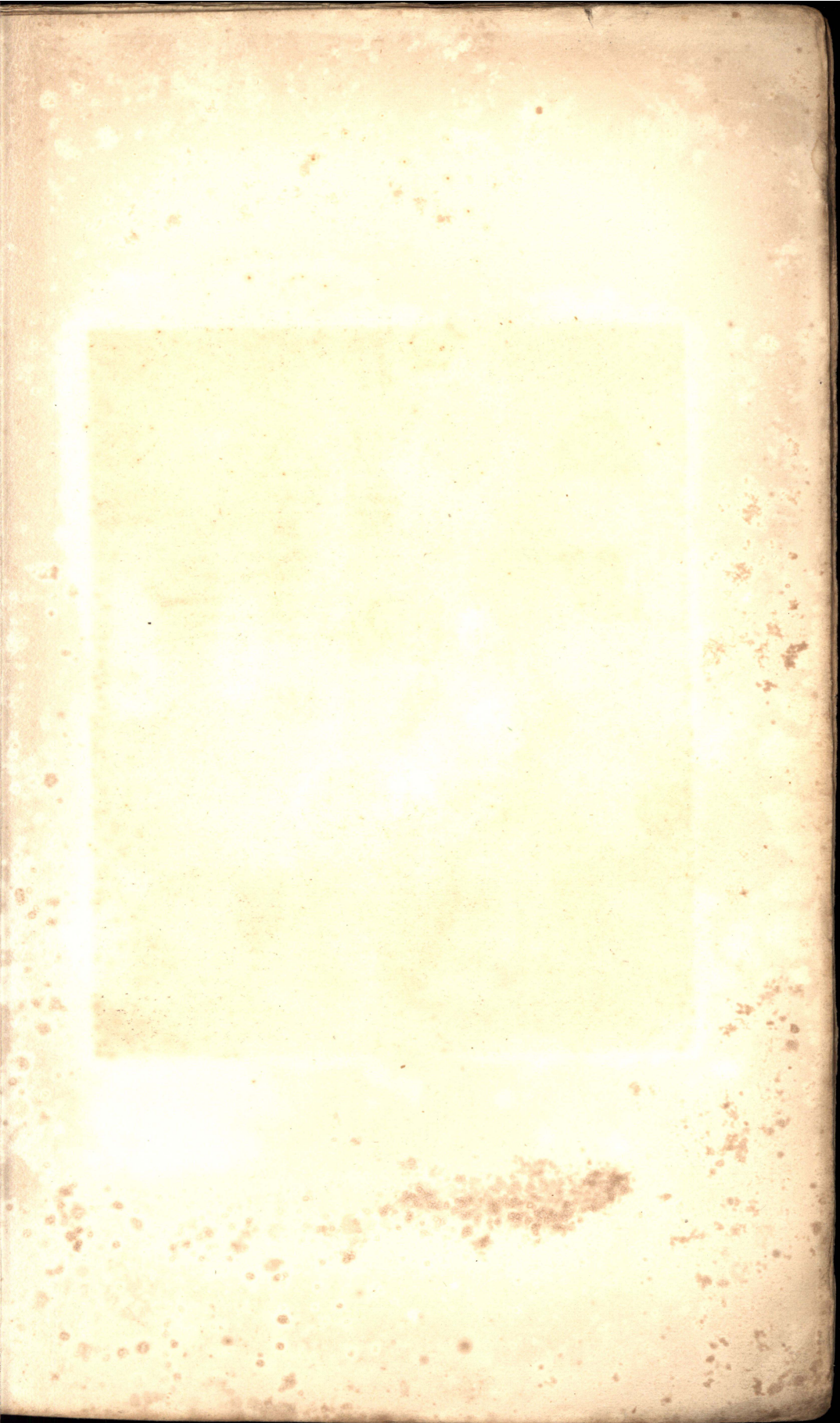
FISH, CHICKEN, MEAT, & HOT STEAKS, CAMEL, WIND-TOWN

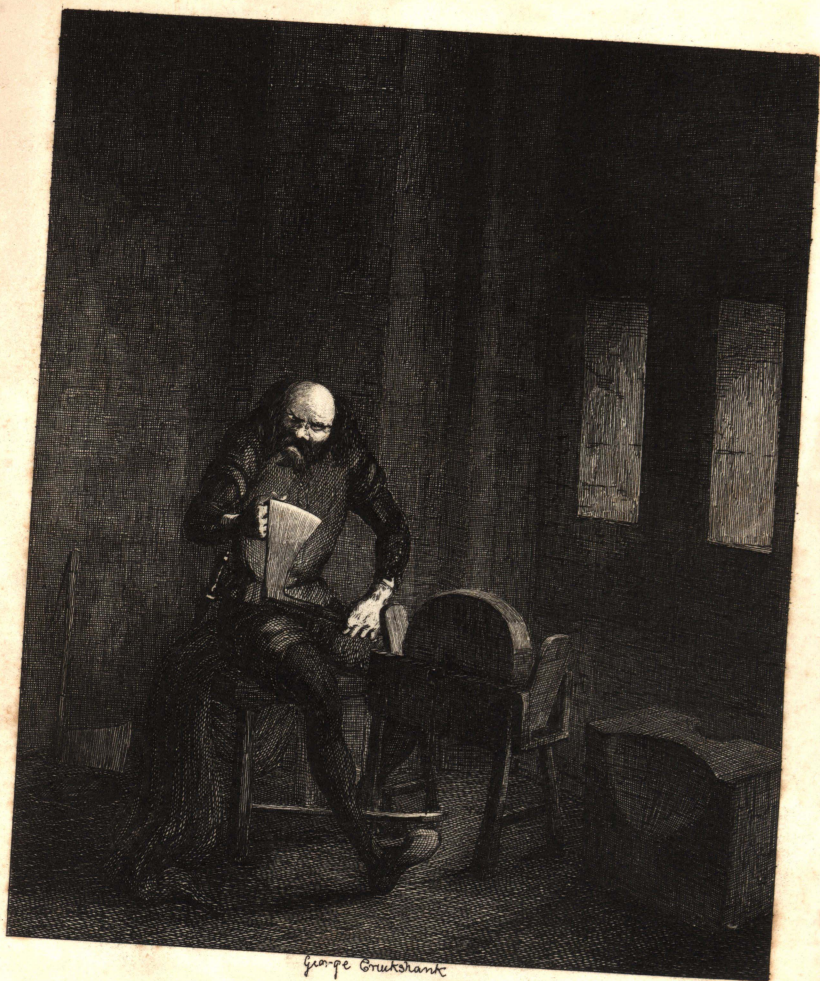
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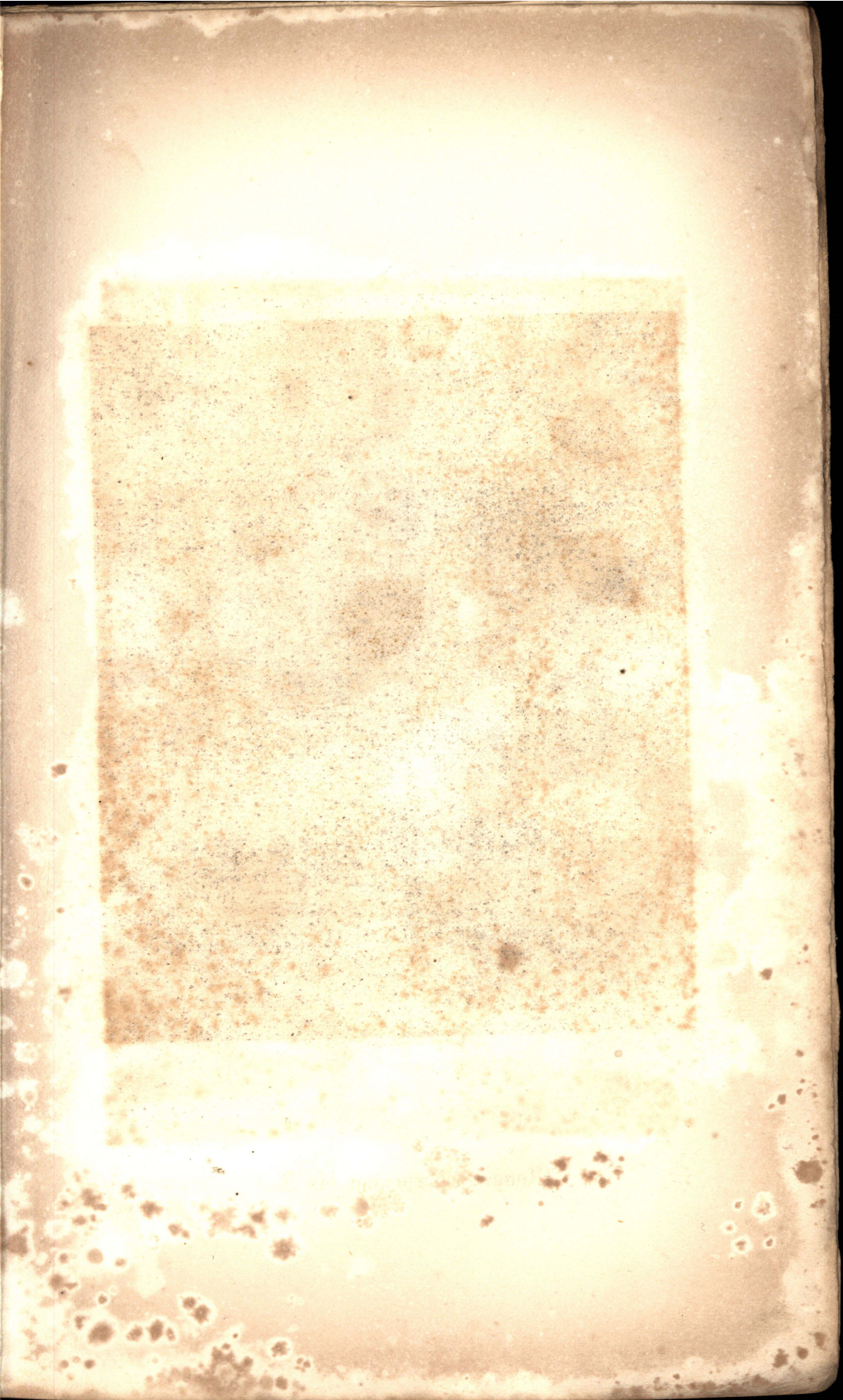
THOMAS HARRIS AND SONS NEW DOUBLE OPERA CLASS

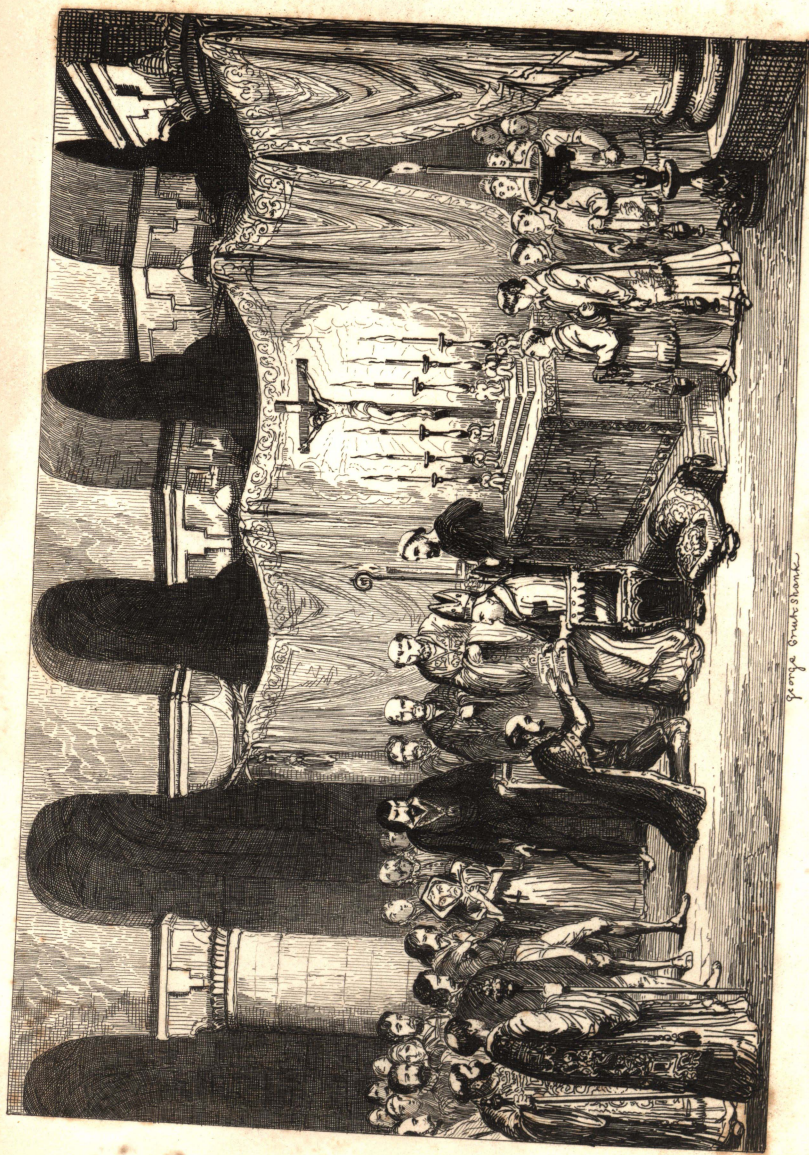
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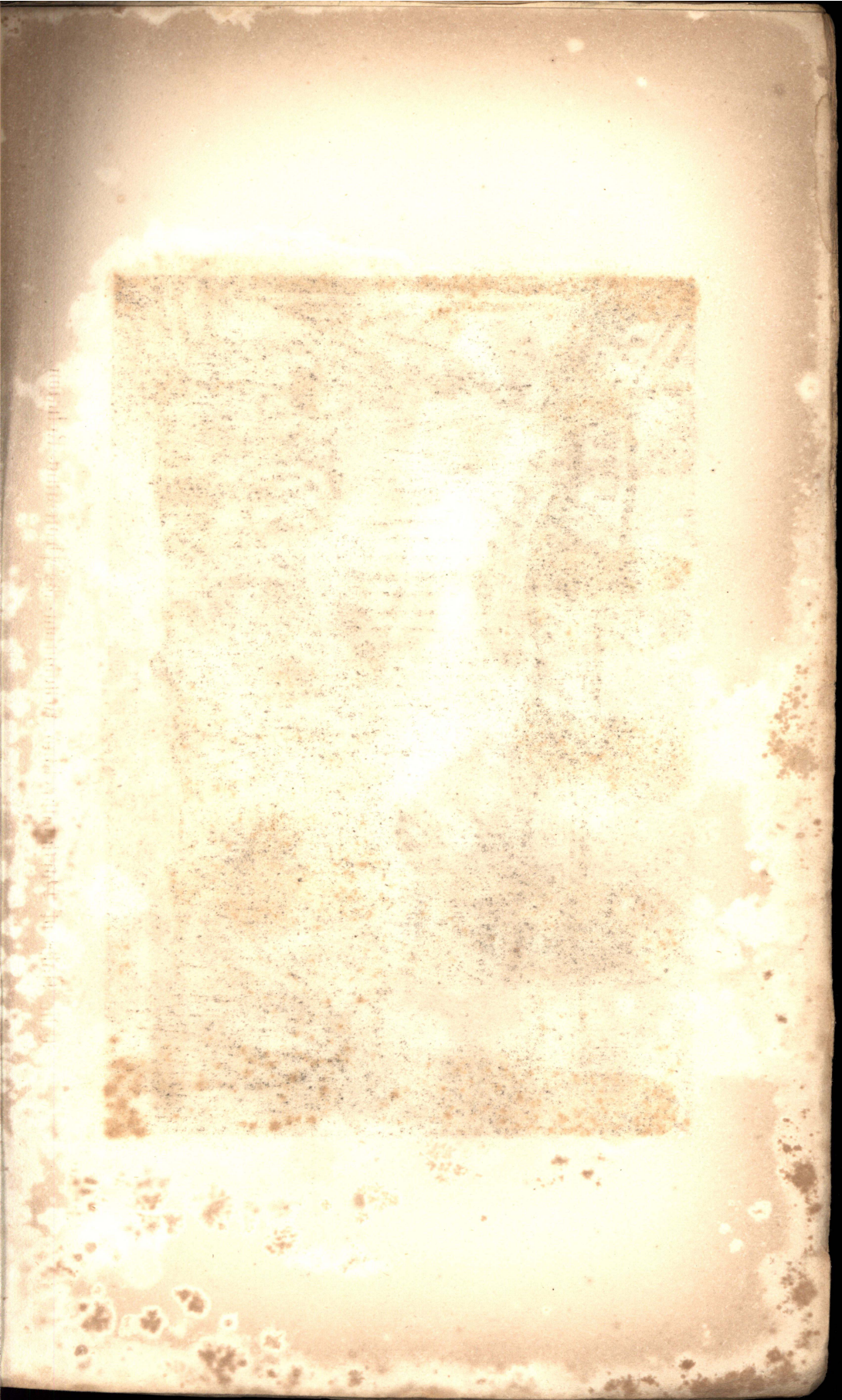
Olouger sharpening his Axe.

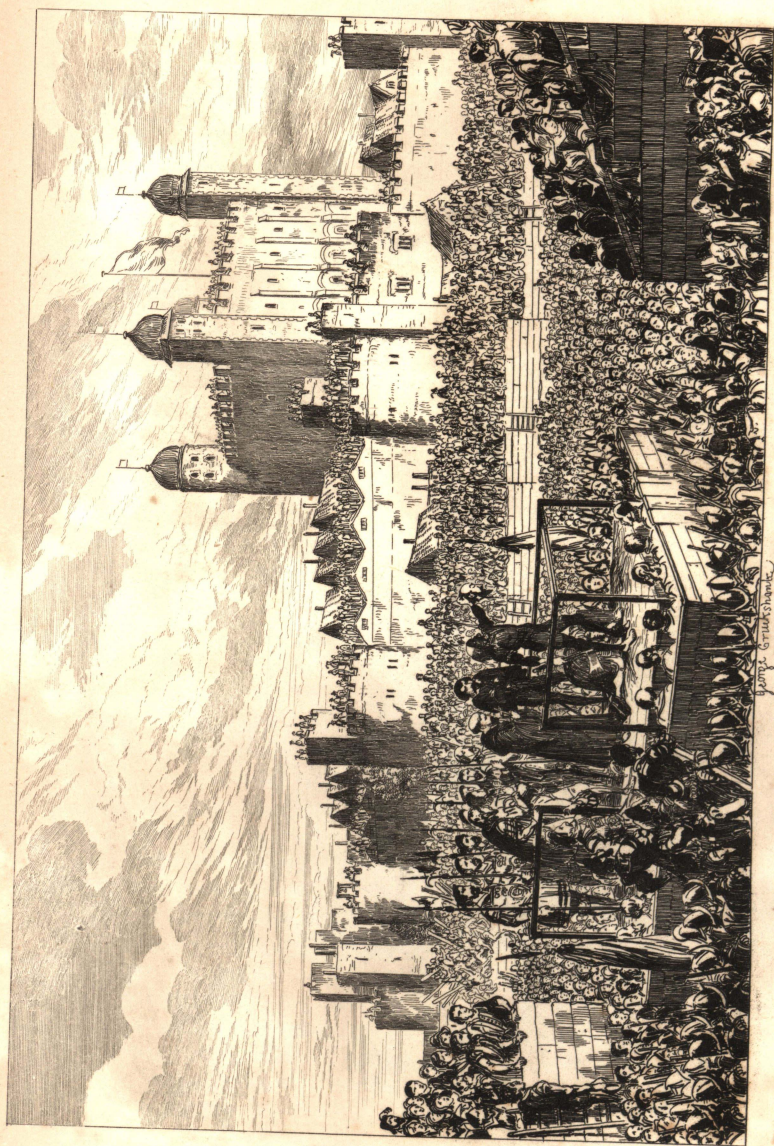




George Cruikshank

The Duke of Northumberland Renouncing the Protestant Religion.





Execution of the Duke of Northumberland upon Tower Hill.



INTERIOR OF THE CRADLE TOWER.

—OF THE TOWER OF LONDON; ITS ANTIQUITY AND FOUNDATION; ITS MAGNITUDE AND EXTENT; ITS KEEP, PALACE, GARDENS, FORTIFICATIONS, DUNGEONS, AND CHAPELS; ITS WALLS, BULWARKS, AND MOAT; ITS ROYAL INMATES; ITS GOVERNORS, JAILORS, WARDERS, AND OTHER OFFICERS; ITS PRISONERS, EXECUTIONS, AND SECRET MURDERS.

IN 1078, (for, instead of following the author's narrative to Simon Renard, it appears advisable to place to offer a slight sketch of the renowned fortress, especially as such a course will afford an opportunity of being brought down to a later period than the time when the Conqueror, who appeared to have been a good principal overseer of the work, had been a good specimen of the progress of his operations, and situated in the tower of Aldmere, a burgess of London, a part of the city wall, occupying the northern banks



INTERIOR OF THE CRADLE TOWER.

IV.—OF THE TOWER OF LONDON; ITS ANTIQUITY AND FOUNDATION; ITS MAGNITUDE AND EXTENT; ITS KEEP, PALACE, GARDENS, FORTIFICATIONS, DUNGEONS, AND CHAPELS; ITS WALLS, BULWARKS, AND MOAT; ITS ROYAL INMATES; ITS CONSTABLES, JAILORS, WARDERS, AND OTHER OFFICERS; ITS PRISONERS, EXECUTIONS, AND SECRET MURDERS.

IN 1078, (for, instead of following the warder's narrative to Simon Renard, it appears advisable in this place to offer a slight sketch of the renowned fortress under consideration, especially as such a course will allow of its history being brought down to a later period than could otherwise be accomplished,) the Tower of London was founded by William the Conqueror, who appointed Gundulph, Bishop of Exeter, principal overseer of the work. By this prelate, who seems to have been a good specimen of the church militant, and who, during the progress of his operations, was lodged in the house of Edmere, a burgess of London, a part of the city wall, adjoining the northern banks

of the Thames, which had been much injured by the incursions of the tide, was taken down, and a "great square tower," since called the White Tower, erected on its site.

Some writers have assigned an earlier date to this edifice, ascribing its origin to the great Roman invader of our shores, whence it has been sometimes denominated *Cæsar's Tower*; and the hypothesis is supposed to be confirmed by Fitz Stephens, a monkish historian of the period of Henry the Second, who states, that "the city of London hath in the east a very great and most strong Palatine Tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a deep foundation, the mortar thereof being tempered with the blood of beasts." On this authority, Dr. Stukeley has introduced a fort, which he terms the *Arx Palatina*, in his plan of Londinium Augusta. But, though it is not improbable that some Roman military station may have stood on the spot now occupied by the White Tower,—certain coins and other antiquities having been found by the workmen in sinking the foundations of the Ordnance Office in 1777,—it is certain that no part of the present structure was erected by Julius Cæsar; nor can he, with propriety, be termed the founder of the Tower of London. As to its designation, that amounts to little, since, as has been shrewdly remarked by M. Dulaure, in his description of the Grand Châtelet at Paris—"every old building, the origin of which is buried in obscurity, is attributed to Cæsar or the devil."

Fourteen years afterwards, in the reign of William Rufus, who, according to Henry of Huntingdon, "pilled and shaved the people with tribute, especially about the Tower of London," the White Tower was greatly damaged by a violent storm, which, among other ravages, carried off the roof of Bow Church, and levelled above six hundred habitations with the ground. It was subsequently repaired, and an additional tower built on the south side near the river.

Strengthened by Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, and fourth constable of the fortress, who defended it against the usurper Stephen, but was, nevertheless, eventually compelled to surrender it; repaired in 1155, by Thomas à Becket, then Chancellor to Henry the Second; greatly extended and enlarged in 1190, the second year of the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, by William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor of the realm, who, encroaching to some distance upon Tower Hill, and breaking down the city wall as far as the first gate called the postern, surrounded it with high embattled walls of stone, and a broad deep ditch, thinking, as Stowe observes, "to have environed it with the river Thames;"—the Tower of London was finished by Henry the Third, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the citizens, and other supernatural warnings, if credit is to be attached to the statement of Matthew of Paris, completely fortified it.

A gate and bulwark having been erected on the west of the Tower, we are told by the old chronicler above-mentioned, "that they were shaken as it had been with an earthquake and fell down, which the king again commanded to be built in better sort, which was done. And yet, again, in the year 1241, the said wall and bulwarks that were newly builded, whereon the king had bestowed more than twelve thousand marks, were irrecoverably quite thrown down as before; for the which chance the citizens of London were nothing sorry, for they were threatened, that the said wall and bulwarks were builded, to the end, that if any of them would contend for the liberties of the city, they might be imprisoned. And that many might be laid in divers prisons, many lodgings were made, that no one should speak with another." These remarkable accidents (if accidents they were,) were attributed by the popular superstition of the times, to the miraculous interference of Thomas à Becket, the guardian saint of the Londoners.

By the same monarch the storehouse was strengthened and repaired, and the keep or citadel whitened, (whence probably it derived its name, as it was afterwards styled in Edward the Third's reign "*La Blanche Tour*,") as appears by the following order still preserved in the Tower Rolls:—"We command you to repair the garner within the said tower, and well amend it throughout, wherever needed. And also concerning all the leaden gutters of the Great Tower, from the top of the said tower, through which the rain water must fall down, to lengthen them, and make them come down even to the ground; so that the wall of the said tower, lately whitened anew, may by no means decay, nor easily break out, by reason of the rain water dropping down. But to make upon the said towers *alures* of good and strong timber, and throughout to be well leaded; by which people might see even to the foot of the said tower, and better to go up and down, if need be." Further orders were given in this reign for the beautifying and fitting up the chapels of Saint John and Saint Peter, as already mentioned in the account of those structures.

The same monarch planted a grove, or orchard of "*perie trees*," as they are described in his mandate to Edward of Westminster, in the vicinity of the Tower, and surrounded it with a wall of mud, afterwards replaced by another of brick, in the reign of Edward the Fourth. He likewise established a menagerie within the fortress, allotting a part of the bulwark at the western entrance since called the Lions' Tower, for the reception of certain wild beasts, and as a lodging for their keeper. In 1235, the Emperor Frederick sent him three leopards, in allusion to his scutcheon, on which three of those animals were emblazoned; and from that time, down to a very recent date, a menagerie has been constantly maintained within the Tower. To support it, Edward the Second commanded the Sheriffs of London to pay

the keeper of his lions sixpence a-day for their food, and three half-pence a-day for the man's own diet, out of the fee farm of the city.

Constant alterations and reparations were made to the ramparts and towers during subsequent reigns. Edward the Fourth encroached still further on Tower Hill than his predecessors, and erected an outer gate called the Bulwark Tower. In the fifth year of the reign of this monarch, a scaffold and gallows having been erected on Tower Hill, the citizens, ever jealous of their privileges and liberties, complained of the step; and to appease them, a proclamation was made to the effect, "that the erection and setting up of the said gallows be not a precedent or example thereby hereafter to be taken, in hurt, prejudice, or derogation of the franchises, liberties, and privileges of the city."

Richard the Third repaired the Tower, and Stow records a commission to Thomas Daniel, directing him to seize for use within this realm, as many masons, bricklayers, and other workmen, as should be thought necessary for the expedition of the king's works within the Tower. In the twenty-third of Henry the Eighth, the whole of the fortress appears to have undergone repair—a survey being taken of its different buildings, which is still preserved in the Chapter-house at Westminster. In the second of Edward the Sixth, the following strange accident occurred, by which one of the fortifications was destroyed. A Frenchman, lodged in the Middle Tower, accidentally set fire to a barrel of gunpowder, which blew up the structure, fortunately without damage to any other than the luckless causer of it.

At the period of this chronicle, as at the present time, the Tower of London comprehended within its walls a superficies of rather more than twelve acres, and without the moat a circumference of three thousand feet and upwards. Consisting of a citadel or keep, surrounded by an inner and outer ward, it was approached on the west by an entrance called the Bulwark Gate, which has long since disappeared. The second entrance was formed by an embattled tower, called the Lion's Gate, conducting to a strong tower flanked with bastions, and defended by a double portcullis, denominated the Middle Tower. The outworks adjoining these towers, in which was kept the menagerie, were surrounded by a smaller moat, communicating with the main ditch. A large drawbridge then led to another portal, in all respects resembling that last described, forming the principal entrance to the outer ward, and called the By-ward or Gate Tower. The outer ward was defended by a strong line of fortifications; and at the north-east corner stood a large circular bastion, called the Mount.

The inner ward or ballium, was defended by thirteen towers, connected by an embattled stone wall about forty feet high and twelve feet thick, on the summit of which was a footway for the guard. Of these towers, three were situated at the west,

namely, the Bell, the Beauchamp and the Devilin Towers; four at the north, the Flint, the Bowyer, the Brick, and the Martin Towers; three at the east, the Constable, the Broad Arrow, and Salt Towers; and three on the south, the Well, the Lanthorn, and the Bloody Tower. The Flint Tower has almost disappeared; the Bowyer Tower only retains its basement story; and the Brick Tower has been so much modernized as to retain little of its pristine character. The Martin Tower is now denominated the Jewel Tower, from the circumstance of its being the depository of the regalia. The Lanthorn Tower has been swept away with the old palace.

Returning to the outer ward, the principal fortification on the south was a large square structure, flanked at each angle by an embattled tower. This building, denominated Saint Thomas's, or Traitor's Tower, was erected across the moat, and masked a secret entrance from the Thames, through which state prisoners, as has before been related, were brought into the Tower. It still retains much of its original appearance, and recalls forcibly to the mind of the observer the dismal scenes that have occurred beneath its low-browed arches. Further on the east, in a line with Traitor's Tower, and terminating a wing of the old palace, stood the Cradle Tower. At the eastern angle of the outer ward was a small fortification over-looking the moat, known as the Tower leading to the Iron Gate. Beyond it a draw-bridge crossed the moat, and led to the Iron Gate, a small portal protected by a tower, deriving its name from the purpose for which it was erected.

At this point, on the patch of ground intervening between the moat and the river, and forming the platform or wharf, stood a range of mean habitations, occupied by the different artisans and workmen employed in the fortress. At the south of the By-ward Tower, an arched and embattled gateway opened upon a drawbridge which crossed the moat at this point. Opposite this drawbridge were the main stairs leading to the edge of the river. The whole of the fortress, it is scarcely necessary to repeat, was (and still is) encompassed by a broad deep moat, of much greater width at the sides next to Tower Hill and East Smithfield, than at the south, and supplied with water from the Thames by the sluice beneath Traitor's Gate.

Having now made a general circuit of the fortress, we shall return to the inner ballium, which is approached on the south by a noble gateway, erected in the reign of Edward the Third. A fine specimen of the architecture of the fourteenth century, this portal is vaulted with groined arches adorned with exquisite tracery springing from grotesque heads. At the period of this chronicle, it was defended at each end by a massive gate clamped with iron, and a strong portcullis. The gate and portcullis at the southern extremity still exist, but those at the north have been removed. The structure above it was

anciently called the Garden Tower; but subsequently acquired the appellation of the Bloody Tower, from having been the supposed scene of the murder of the youthful princes, sons of Edward the Fourth, by the ruthless Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. Without pausing to debate the truth of this tragical occurrence, it may be sufficient to mention that tradition assigns it to this building.

Proceeding along the ascent leading towards the green, and mounting a flight of stone steps on the left, we arrive in front of the ancient lodgings allotted to the lieutenant of the Tower. Chiefly constructed of timber, and erected at the beginning of the sixteenth century, this fabric has been so much altered, that it retains little of its original character. In one of the rooms, called, from the circumstance, the Council-chamber, the conspirators concerned in the Gunpowder Plot were interrogated; and in memory of the event, a piece of sculpture, inscribed with their names, and with those of the commissioners by whom they were examined, has been placed against the walls.

Immediately behind the lieutenant's lodgings stands the Bell Tower,—a circular structure, surmounted by a small wooden turret containing the alarm-bell of the fortress. Its walls are of great thickness, and light is admitted through narrow loopholes. On the basement floor is a small chamber, with deeply-recessed windows, and a vaulted roof of very curious construction. This tower served as a place of imprisonment to John Fisher, the martyred bishop of Rochester, beheaded on Tower Hill for denying Henry the Eighth's supremacy; and to the Princess Elizabeth, who was confined within it by her sister, Queen Mary.

Traversing the green, some hundred and forty feet brings us to the Beauchamp, or Cobham Tower, connected with the Bell Tower by means of a footway on the top of the ballium wall. Erected in the reign of Henry the Third, as were most of the smaller towers of the fortress, this structure appears, from the numerous inscriptions, coats of arms, and devices that crowd its walls, to have been the principal state-prison. Every room, from roof to vault, is covered with melancholy memorials of its illustrious and unfortunate occupants.

Over the fire-place in the principal chamber, (now used as a mess-room by the officers of the garrison,) is the autograph of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1572, for aspiring to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots. On the right of the fire-place, at the entrance of a recess, are these words:—"DOLOR PATIENTIA VINCITUR. G. GYFFORD. AUGUST 8, 1586." Amongst others, for we can only give a few as a specimen of the rest, is the following enigmatical inscription. It is preceded by the date 1568, April 23, but is unaccompanied by any signature.

No hope is hard or bayne
That happ doth ous attayne.

The next we shall select is dated 1581, and signed Thomas Myagh.

THOMAS MIAGH WHICH LIETHE HERE ALONE
THAT FAYNE WOLD FROM HENCE BEGON
BY TORTURE STRAUNGE MI TROVTH WAS TRYED
YET OF MY LIBERTIE DENIED.

Of this unfortunate person the following interesting account is given by Mr. Jardine, in his valuable treatise on the *Use of Torture in the Criminal Law of England*. "Thomas Myagh was an Irishman who was brought over by the command of the Lord Deputy of Ireland, to be examined respecting a treasonable correspondence with the rebels in arms in that country. The first warrant for the torture of this man was probably under the sign-manual, as there is no entry of it in the council register. The two reports made by the Lieutenant of the Tower and Dr. Hammond, respecting their execution of this warrant, are, however, to be seen at the State-Paper Office. The first of these, which is dated the 10th of March, 1580-1, states that they had twice examined Myagh, but had forbore to put him in Skevington's Irons, because they had been charged to examine him with secrecy, 'which they could not do, that manner of dealing requiring the presence and aid of one of the jailors all the time that he should be in those irons,' and also because they 'found the man so resolute, as in their opinions little would be wrung out of him but by some sharper torture.' The second report, which is dated the 17th of March, 1580, merely states that they had again examined Myagh, and could get nothing from him, 'notwithstanding that they had made trial of him by the torture of Skevington's irons, and with so much sharpness, as was in their judgment for the man and his cause convenient.' How often Myagh was tortured does not appear; but Skevington's irons seem to have been too mild a torture, for on the 30th of July, 1581, there is an entry in the council books of an authority to the Lieutenant of the Tower and Thomas Norton, to deal with him with the rack in such sort as they should see cause."

From many sentences expressive of the resignation of the sufferers, we take the following, subscribed A. POOLE, 1564:—"Deo . servire . penitentiam . inire . futo . obedire . regnare . est." Several inscriptions are left by this person—one four years later than the foregoing, is as follows: "*A passage perillus maketh a port pleasant.*" Here is another sad memento: "O MISER HVON, CHE PENSI OD ESSERO." Another: "REPRENS LE: SAGE: ET: IL: TE: AIMERA: J. S. 1538." A third: "*Principium sapientie timor Domini. I. H. S. X. P. S. Be friend to one. Be enemye to none. Anno D. 1571, 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities: For men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impatience they suffer. Tout vient*

apoient, quy peult attendre. Gli sospiri ne son testimoni veri dell angoscia mia. Et. 29. Charles Bailly."

Most of these records breathe resignation. But the individual who carved the following record, and whose name has passed away, appears to have numbered every moment of his captivity: "*Close prisoner 8 months, 32 weeks, 224 days, 5376 heures.*" How much of anguish is comprised in this brief sentence!

We could swell out this list, if necessary, to a volume, but the above may suffice to show their general character. Let those who would know how much their forefathers have endured cast their eyes over the inscriptions in the Beauchamp Tower. In general they are beautifully carved, ample time being allowed the writers for their melancholy employment. It has been asserted that Anne Boleyn was confined in the uppermost room of the Beauchamp Tower. But if an inscription may be trusted, she was imprisoned in the Martin Tower (now the Jewel Tower) at that time a prison lodging.

Postponing the description of the remaining towers until we have occasion to speak of them in detail, we shall merely note, in passing, the two strong towers situated at the southwestern extremity of the White Tower, called the Coal Harbour Gate, over which there was a prison denominated the Nun's Bower, and proceed to the palace, of which, unluckily for the lovers of antiquity, not a vestige now remains.

Erected at different periods, and consisting of a vast range of halls, galleries, courts and gardens, the old palace occupied, in part, the site of the modern Ordnance Office. Commencing at the Coal Harbour Gate, it extended in a south-easterly direction to the Lanthorn Tower, and from thence branched off in a magnificent pile of building, called the Queen's Gallery, to the Salt Tower. In front of this gallery, defended by the Cradle Tower and the Well Tower, was the privy garden. Behind it stretched a large quadrangular area, terminated at the western angle by the Wardrobe Tower, and at the eastern angle by the Broad Arrow Tower. It was enclosed on the left by a further range of buildings, termed the Queen's Lodgings, and on the right by the inner ballium wall. The last-mentioned buildings were also connected with the White Tower, and with a small embattled structure flanked by a circular tower, denominated the Jewel House where the regalia were then kept. In front of the Jewel House stood a large decayed hall, forming part of the palace; opposite which was a court, planted with trees, and protected by the ballium wall.

This ancient palace—the scene of so many remarkable historical events,—the residence, during certain portions of their reigns, of all our sovereigns, from William Rufus down to Charles the Second—is now utterly gone. Where is the glorious hall which Henry the Third painted with the story of Antiochus, and which it required thirty fir-trees to repair,—in which Edward the Third

and all his court were feasted by the captive John,—in which Richard the Second resigned his crown to Henry of Lancaster,—in which Henry the Eighth received all his wives before their espousals,—in which so many royal councils and royal revels have been held;—where is that great hall? Where, also, is the chamber in which Queen Isabella, consort of Edward the Second, gave birth to the child called, from the circumstance, Joan of the Tower? They have vanished, and other structures occupy their place. Demolished in the reign of James the Second, an ordnance office was erected on its site; and this building being destroyed by fire in 1788, it was succeeded by the present edifice bearing the name.

Having now surveyed the south of the fortress, we shall return to the north. Immediately behind Saint Peter's Chapel stood the habitations of the officers of the then ordnance department, and next to them an extensive range of storehouses, armouries, granaries, and other magazines, reaching to the Martin Tower. On the site of these buildings was erected, in the reign of William the Third, that frightful structure, which we trust the better taste of this, or some future age will remove—the Grand Storehouse. Nothing can be imagined more monstrous or incongruous than this ugly Dutch toy, (for it is little better,) placed side by side with a stern old Norman donjon, fraught with a thousand historical associations and recollections. It is the great blot upon the Tower. And much as the destruction of the old palace is to be lamented, the erection of such a building as this, in such a place, is infinitely more to be deplored. We trust to see it rased to the ground.

In front of the Constable Tower stood another range of buildings appropriated to the different officers and workmen connected with the Mint, which, until the removal of the place of coinage to its present situation on Little Tower Hill, it is almost needless to say, was held within the walls of the fortress.

The White Tower once more claims our attention. Already described as having walls of enormous thickness, this venerable stronghold is divided into four stories including the vaults. The latter consist of two large chambers and a smaller one, with a coved termination at the east, and a deeply-recessed arch at the opposite extremity. Light is admitted to this gloomy chamber by four semicircular-headed loopholes. At the north is a cell ten feet long by eight wide formed in the thickness of the wall, and receiving no light except from the doorway. Here tradition affirms that Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and composed his *History of the World*.

Amongst other half-obliterated inscriptions carved on the arched doorway of this dungeon, are these: HE THAT INDVRETH TO THE ENDE SHALL BE SAVID. M. 10. R. RYDSTON. DAR. KENT. AN^o. 1553. —BE FEITHFUL VNTO THE DETH AND I WIL GIVE THE A CROWN OF LIFE. T. FANE. 1554. Above stands Saint

John's Chapel, and the upper story is occupied by the council-chamber and the rooms adjoining. A narrow vaulted gallery, formed in the thickness of the wall, communicating with the turret stairs, and pierced with semicircular-headed openings for the admission of light to the interior, surrounds this story. The roof is covered with lead, and crowned with four lofty turrets, three angular and one square, surmounted with leaden cupolas, each terminated with a vane and crown.

We have spoken elsewhere, and shall have to speak again of the secret and subterranean passages, as well as of the dungeons of the Tower; those horrible and noisome receptacles, deprived of light and air, infested by legions of rats, and flooded with water, into which the wretched captives were thrust to perish by famine, or by more expeditious means; and those dreadful contrivances, the Little Ease—and the Pit;—the latter a dark and gloomy excavation sunk to the depth of twenty feet.

To the foregoing hasty sketch, in which we have endeavoured to make the reader acquainted with the general outline of the fortress, we would willingly, did space permit, append a history of the principal occurrences that have happened within its walls. We would tell how in 1234, Griffith, Prince of Wales, in attempting to escape from the White Tower, by a line made of hangings, sheets, and table-cloths, tied together, being a stout heavy man, broke the rope, and falling from a great height, perished miserably—his head and neck being driven into his breast between the shoulders. How Edward the Third first established a Mint within the Tower, coining florences of gold. How in the reign of the same monarch, three sovereigns were prisoners there;—namely, John, King of France, his son Philip, and David, King of Scotland. How in the fourth year of the reign of Richard the Second, during the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the insurgents having possessed themselves of the fortress, though it was guarded by six hundred valiant persons, expert in arms, and the like number of archers, conducted themselves with extraordinary licence, bursting into the king's chamber, and that of his mother, to both of whom they offered divers outrages and indignities; and finally dragged forth Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and hurrying him to Tower Hill, hewed off his head at eight strokes, and fixed it on a pole on London Bridge, where it was shortly afterwards replaced by that of Wat Tyler.

How, in 1458, jousts were held on the Tower-Green by the Duke of Somerset and five others, before Queen Margaret of Anjou. How in 1471, Henry the Sixth, at that time a prisoner, was said to be murdered within the Tower; how seven years later, George Duke of Clarence, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey in the Bowyer Tower; and how five years after that, the youthful Edward the Fifth, and the infant Duke of York, were also said, for the tradition is more than doubtful, to be smothered in the

Bloody Tower. How in 1483, by command of the Duke of Gloucester, who had sworn he would not dine till he had seen his head off, Lord Hastings was brought forth to the green before the chapel, and after a short shrift, "for a longer could not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to until this were done, for saving of his oath," his head was laid down upon a large log of timber, and stricken off.

How in 1512, the woodwork and decorations of Saint John's chapel in the White Tower were burnt. How in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the prisons were constantly filled, and the scaffold deluged with blood. How Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley, the father of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, were beheaded. How the like fate attended the Duke of Buckingham, destroyed by Wolsey, the martyred John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the wise and witty Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, her brother Lord Rochford, Norris, Smeaton, and others; the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Montacute, and Sir Edward Neville; Thomas, Lord Cromwell, the counsellor of the dissolution of the monasteries; the venerable and courageous Countess of Salisbury; Lord Leonard Grey; Katherine Howard and Lady Rochford; and Henry, Earl of Surrey.

How, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, his two uncles, Thomas Seymour, Baron Sudley, and Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, were brought to the block; the latter, as has been before related, by the machinations of Northumberland.

Passing over, for obvious reasons, the reign of Mary, and proceeding to that of Elizabeth, we might relate how Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was beheaded; how the dungeons were crowded with recusants and seminary priests; amongst others, by the famous Jesuits, fathers Campion and Persons; how Lord Stourton, whose case seems to have resembled the more recent one of Lord Ferrers, was executed for the murder of the Hartgills; how Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, shot himself in his chamber, declaring that the jade Elizabeth should not have his estate; and how the long catalogue was closed by the death of the Earl of Essex.

How, in the reign of James the First, Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded, and Sir Thomas Overbury poisoned. How in that of Charles the First, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Archbishop Laud, underwent a similar fate. How in 1656, Miles Sunderland, having been condemned for high treason, poisoned himself; notwithstanding which, his body, stripped of all apparel, was dragged at the horse's tail to Tower Hill, where a hole had been digged under the scaffold, into which it was thrust, and a stake driven through it. How, in 1661, Lord Monson and Sir Henry Mildmay suffered, and in the year following Sir Henry Vane. How in the same reign Blood attempted to steal the crown; and how Algernon Percy and Lord William Russell were executed.

How, under James the Second, the rash and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth perished. How, after the rebellion of 1715, Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure were decapitated; and after that of 1745, Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. How in 1760, Lord Ferrers was committed to the Tower for the murder of his steward, and expiated his offence at Tyburn. How Wilkes was imprisoned there for a libel in 1762; and Lord George Gordon for instigating the riots of 1780. How, to come to our own times, Sir Francis Burdett was conveyed thither in April 1810; and how, to close the list, the Cato-street conspirators, Thistlewood, Ings, and others, were confined there in 1820.

The chief officer appointed to the custody of the royal fortress, is termed the Constable of the Tower;—a place, in the words of Stowe, of “high honour and reputation, as well as of great trust, many earls and one duke having been constable of the Tower.” Without enumerating all those who have filled this important post, it may be sufficient to state, that the first constable was Geoffrey de Mandeville, appointed by William the Conqueror; the last, Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Next in command is the lieutenant, after whom come the deputy-lieutenant, and major, or resident governor. The civil establishment consists of a chaplain, gentleman-porter, physician, surgeon, and apothecary; gentleman-jailer, yeoman porter, and forty yeomen warders. In addition to these, though in no way connected with the government or custody of the Tower, there are the various officers belonging to the ordnance department; the keepers of the records, the keeper of the regalia; and formerly there were the different officers of the Mint.

The lions of the Tower—once its chief attraction with the many,—have disappeared. Since the establishment of the Zoological Gardens, curiosity having been drawn in that direction, the dens of the old menagerie are deserted, and the sullen echoes of the fortress are no longer awakened by savage yells and howling. With another and more important attraction—the armories—it is not our province to meddle.

To return to Simon Renard and the warder. Having concluded his recital, to which the other listened with profound attention, seldom interrupting him with a remark, Winwike proposed, if his companion's curiosity was satisfied, to descend.

“You have given me food for much reflection,” observed Renard, aroused from a reverie into which he had fallen; “but before we return I would gladly walk round the buildings. I had no distinct idea of the Tower till I came hither.”

The warder complied, and led the way round the battlements, pausing occasionally to point out some object of interest.

Viewed from the summit of the White Tower, especially on the west, the fortress still offers a striking picture. In the middle of the sixteenth century, when its outer ramparts were strongly fortified—when the gleam of corslet and pike was

reflected upon the dark waters of its moat—when the inner ballium walls were entire and unbroken, and its thirteen towers reared their embattled fronts—when within each of those towers state prisoners were immured—when its drawbridges were constantly raised, and its gates closed—when its palace still lodged a sovereign—when councils were held within its chambers—when its secret dungeons were crowded—when Tower Hill boasted a scaffold, and its soil was dyed with the richest and best blood of the land—when it numbered among its inferior officers, jailors, torturers, and an executioner—when all its terrible machinery was in readiness, and could be called into play at a moment's notice—when the steps of Traitor's Gate were worn by the feet of those who ascended them—when, on whichever side the gazer looked, the same stern prospect was presented—the palace, the fortress, the prison,—a triple conjunction of fearful significance—when each structure had dark secrets to conceal—when beneath all these ramparts, towers, and bulwarks, were subterranean passages and dungeons—*then*, indeed, it presented a striking picture both to the eye and mind.

Slowly following his companion, Renard counted all the towers, which, including that whereon he was standing, and those connected with the bulwarks and palace, amounted to twenty-two,—marked their position—commented upon the palace, and the arrangement of its offices and outbuildings—examined its courts and gardens—inquired into the situation of the queen's apartments, and was shown a long line of buildings with a pointed roof, extending from the south-east angle of the keep to the Lanthorn Tower—admired the magnificent prospect of the heights of Surrey and Kent—traced the broad stream of the Thames as far as Greenwich—suffered his gaze to wander over the marshy tract of country towards Essex—noted the postern gate in the ancient city walls, standing at the edge of the north bank of the moat—traced those walls by their lofty entrances from Aldgate to Cripplegate, and from thence returned to the church of All Hallows Barking, and Tower Hill. The last object upon which his gaze rested was the scaffold. A sinister smile played upon his features as he gazed on it.

"There," he observed, "is the bloody sceptre by which England is ruled. From the palace to the prison is a step—from the prison to the scaffold another."

"King Henry the Eighth gave it plenty of employment," observed Winwike.

"True," replied Renard; "and his daughter, Queen Mary, will not suffer it to remain idle."

"Many a head will, doubtless, fall (and justly), in consequence of the late usurpation," remarked the warder.

"The first to do so now rests within that building," rejoined Renard, glancing at the Beauchamp Tower.

"Your worship, of course, means the Duke of Northumber-

land, since his grace is confined there," returned the warder. "Well, if she is spared who, though placed foremost in the wrongful and ill-advised struggle, was the last to counsel it, I care not what becomes of the rest. Poor lady Jane! Could our eyes pierce yon stone walls," he added, pointing to the Brick Tower, "I make no doubt we should discover her on her knees. She passes most of her time, I am informed, in prayer."

"Humph!" ejaculated Renard. And he half muttered, "She shall either embrace the Romish faith, or die by the hand of the executioner."

Winwike made no answer to the observation, and affected not to hear it, but he shuddered at the look that accompanied it—a look that brought to mind all he heard of the mysterious and terrible individual at his side.

By this time, the sun was high in heaven, and the whole fortress astir. A flourish of trumpets was blown on the Green, and a band of minstrels issued from the portal of the Coalharbour Tower. The esquires, retainers, pages, and servitors of the various noblemen, lodged within the palace, were hurrying to and fro, some hastening to their morning meal, others to different occupations. Everything seemed bright and cheerful. The light laugh and the merry jest reached the ear of the listeners. Rich silks and costly stuffs, mixed with garbs of various-coloured serge, with jerkins and caps of steel, caught the eye. Yet how much misery was there near this smiling picture! What sighs from those in captivity responded to the shouts and laughter without! Queen Mary arose and proceeded to matins in Saint John's Chapel. Jane awoke and addressed herself to solitary prayer; while Northumberland, who had passed a sleepless night, pacing his dungeon like a caged tiger, threw himself on his couch, and endeavoured to shut out the light of day and his own agonizing reflections.

Meanwhile, Renard and the warder had descended from the White Tower and proceeded to the Green.

"Who is that person beneath the Beauchamp Tower gazing so inquisitively at its barred windows?" demanded the former.

"It is the crow scenting the carrion—it is Mauger the headsmen," answered Winwike.

"Indeed?" replied Renard; "I would speak with him."

V.—HOW THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND WAS ARRAIGNED OF HIGH TREASON IN WESTMINSTER HALL; AND HOW HE MADE FOUR REQUESTS AFTER THE JUDGMENT.

CLOSELY confined within the Beauchamp Tower, and treated with great rigour, it was almost a satisfaction to the Duke of Northumberland to be informed, after nearly a fortnight's im-

prisonment, that his trial would take place on the 18th of August. Though he anticipated the result, and had no hope of escaping the block, the near approach of death did not cast him down, but on the contrary served to reassure his firmness, which of late, shaken by his altered state of health, and intense mental anxiety, had in some degree failed him. The last few weeks had wonderfully changed his appearance. Heretofore, though past the middle term of life, he exhibited no symptom of decay. His frame was strong and muscular—his deportment lofty and majestic—his eye piercing as the eagle's. He was now shrunk—bent—with the gait and look of an old man. On the intelligence above mentioned being communicated to him, he all at once shook off this feebleness. His eye regained its fire, his frame its strength and lofty bearing; and if his figure was wasted and his brow furrowed, it detracted nothing from his dignity. Aware that his enemies would sit in judgment upon him, he determined to confront them boldly.

When the day appointed for the arraignment arrived, the Duke prepared himself betimes. He was habited in a doublet of black velvet, and wore the collar of the order of the garter. His eldest son, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and the Marquess of Northampton, were to be tried with him, and on the morning in question the three noblemen met for the first time since their imprisonment. The meeting took place in a spacious chamber on the first floor, now used, as has been already observed, as a mess-room, but then as a hall in which the prisoners were separately introduced at stated intervals to take exercise.

Throwing his arms round his son's neck, and with difficulty repressing his emotion, the Duke implored his forgiveness.

"For what, my lord?" demanded the young nobleman.

"For the great wrong I have done you in placing you in this fearful jeopardy," answered Northumberland.

"You have done me no wrong, my lord," replied his son. "My wishes were as strongly in favour of the cause as yours, and I am therefore as culpable as yourself. And as I should have been the first to congratulate you on its success, so I ought to be the last to reproach you with its failure."

"Nevertheless the fault is mine, and mine only," replied the Duke. "I was the originator of the scheme—the planner of the snare into which we have fallen—and if you perish, your death will lie at my door."

"Think not of me, father," replied the young man. "The life I received from you, I will gladly lay down for you. If you desire my forgiveness you shall have it. But I ought rather to ask your's. And, at all events, I entreat your blessing."

"Heaven bless you, my son, and have mercy on us both," exclaimed Northumberland, fervently. "If the humblest supplication could move our judges in your favour it should not be wanting. But I well know they are inexorable."

"I would rather die a thousand deaths than you so demeaned yourself," replied Warwick. "Ask nothing from them but a speedy judgment. We go to a condemnation, not a trial."

"True, my lord," added Northampton. "We have nothing to hope, and therefore nothing to fear. The game is lost, and we must pay the penalty."

"Right, my lord," rejoined Northumberland, embracing him, "and we will discharge it to the uttermost. Would that my life could pay for all."

"Since it cannot be, my lord," replied Northampton, "e'en let us meet our fate like men, and give our enemies no additional triumph. To see your grace so well reconciled to your fate, must encourage those who have lost so little in comparison."

"I am so well reconciled to it," replied the Duke, "that I scarcely desire to be restored to my former condition. And yet," he added, sternly, "I would gladly enjoy my former power for an hour, to be avenged on one man."

"His name?" inquired the Earl of Warwick, quickly.

"Simon Renard," replied the Duke.

A deep silence ensued, which was broken at length by Northumberland, who inquired from the officer in attendance if he knew aught of the Queen's intentions towards Lady Jane Dudley.

"Her highness, it is said, is inclined to pardon her, in consideration of her youth," replied the officer, "but her councillors are averse to such leniency."

"They are my enemies," rejoined the Duke—"Again my crimes are visited on an innocent head."

At this moment, a small arched door near one of the recesses was opened, and a warder announced that the escort was ready to convey the prisoners to Westminster Hall.

Preceded by the officer, the Duke and his companions descended a short spiral stone staircase, and, passing under an arched doorway, on either side of which was drawn up a line of halberdiers, entered upon the Green. The whole of this spacious area, from Saint Peter's Chapel to the Lieutenant's lodgings—from the walls of the tower they had quitted, to those of the White Tower, was filled with spectators. Every individual in the fortress, whose duty did not compel his attendance elsewhere, had hastened thither to see the great Duke of Northumberland proceed to his trial; and so intense was the curiosity of the crowd, that it was with great difficulty that the halberdiers could keep them from pressing upon him. On the Duke's appearance something like a groan was uttered, but it was instantly checked. Northumberland was fully equal to this trying moment. Aware of his own unpopularity,—aware that amid that vast concourse he had not one well-wisher, but that all rejoiced in his downfall,—he manifested no discomposure, but marched with a step so majestic, and glanced around with a look so commanding, that those who were near him involuntarily shrunk

before his regards. The deportment of Northampton was dignified and composed—that of the Earl of Warwick fierce and scornful. Lord Clinton, the Constable of the Tower, and the Lieutenant, Sir John Gage, now advanced to meet them, and the former inquired from Northumberland whether he had any request to make that could be complied with. Before an answer could be returned by the Duke, an old woman broke through the ranks of the guard, and regardless of the menaces with which she was assailed confronted him.

“Do you know me?” she cried.

“I do,” replied the Duke, a shudder passing over his frame.

“You are Gunnora Braose.”

“I am,” she answered. “I am, moreover, foster-mother to the Duke of Somerset—the great, the good Lord Protector, whom you, murderer and traitor, destroyed eighteen months ago. By your false practices, he was imprisoned in the tower you have just quitted; he was led forth as you are, but he was not received like you with groans and hootings, but with tears. He was taken to Westminster Hall where you sat in judgment upon him, and condemned him, and where he will this day testify against you. Tremble! perfidious Duke, for a fearful retribution is at hand. He, whom you have destroyed, sleeps in yon chapel. Ere many days have passed, you will sleep beside him.”

“Peace! woman,” cried Lord Clinton, interfering.

“I *will* speak,” continued Gunnora, “were they the last words I had to utter. Behold!” she cried, waving a handkerchief before the Duke, “this cloth was dipped in thy victim’s blood. It is now beginning to avenge itself upon thee. Thou goest to judgment—to death—to death—ha! ha!”

“Remove her!” cried Lord Clinton.

“To judgment!—to judgment!—to death!” reiterated the old woman with a wild exulting laugh, as she was dragged away.

Order being restored, the procession set forth. First, marched a band of halberdiers; then came a company of arquebussiers, armed with calivers. Immediately before the Duke walked the gentleman-jailor, who, according to a custom then observed towards those charged with high treason, carried the axe with the edge turned *from* the prisoner. On either side of Northumberland and his companions walked an officer of the guard, with a drawn sword in his hand. The rear of the cortége was brought up by two other bands of halberdiers and arquebussiers. Taking its course across the green, and passing beneath the gloomy portal of the Bloody Tower, the train entered an archway at the left of the By-ward Tower, and crossing the drawbridge, drew up at the head of the stairs leading to the river. Here several boats were in readiness to convey them to their destination. As soon as the Duke and his companions had embarked, the gentleman-jailor followed them, and stationed himself at the head of the boat,

holding the gleaming instrument of death in the same position as before.

In this way, surrounded by the escort, and attended by a multitude of smaller vessels, filled with curious spectators, the prisoners were conveyed to Westminster. No sympathy was exhibited for the Duke's fallen state; but, on the contrary, the spectacle seemed to afford more satisfaction to the observers than the gorgeous pageant he had so recently devised for their entertainment. Northumberland was not insensible to this manifestation of dislike, though he made no remark upon it; but he could not avoid noticing, with a sensation of dread, one boat following in his wake, as near as the escort would permit, in which was seated an old woman, waving a bloodstained handkerchief, and invoking vengeance upon his head. Many of the wherries pressed round her to ascertain the cause of her vociferations, and as soon as it was understood who she was, other voices were added to hers. On landing at the stairs near Westminster Hall, the escort first disembarked, and then the Duke and his companions, who, preceded by the gentleman-jailer in the same order as before, were conducted to the place of trial. In the midst of this magnificent and unrivalled hall, which William Rufus, who built it, affirmed was "but a bed-chamber in comparison of what he meant to make," was erected an immense scaffold, hung with black cloth. At the upper extremity was a canopy of state, embroidered with the royal escutcheon in gold; and on either side were twenty-seven seats, each emblazoned with armorial bearings woven in silver. The canopy was reserved for the Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Steward of England; the chairs for the different peers appointed to hear the arraignment of the prisoners. At the lower extremity was the bar. On entering the hall, the Duke and his companions were conducted into a small chamber on the right, where they were detained till the arrival of the judges.

After some time, they were summoned by an usher, and following the attendant through two long files of halberdiers, the Duke slowly but firmly ascended the steps of the scaffold. On arriving at the bar, he bowed profoundly to the assemblage, and every peer, except the Duke of Norfolk, immediately arose, and acknowledged the salutation. Drawing himself up to his full height, Northumberland then glanced sternly around the tribunal. Not one of those upon whom his gaze fell but—scarcely a month ago—had trembled at his nod. Wherever he looked, his glance encountered an enemy. There sat Arundel, Pembroke, Shrewsbury, Rich, Huntingdon, Darcy,—the abettors in his treason, now his judges. On the right of the Lord High Steward sat Bishop Gardiner, in his capacity of Lord Chancellor: on the left, Lord Paget.

Northumberland's indictment having been read, he thus addressed the court:—

"My lords," he said, "I here profess my faith and obedience to the Queen's highness, whom I confess to have most grievously offended, and beyond the hope of pardon. I shall not attempt to say anything in my own defence. But I would willingly have the opinion of the court in two points."

"State them," said the Duke of Norfolk.

"First then," replied Northumberland, "I desire to know, whether the performance of an act by the authority of the sovereign and the council, and by warrant of the great seal of England, can be construed as treason?"

"Most undoubtedly, in your grace's case," replied the Duke of Norfolk; "inasmuch as the great seal whence your authority was derived was not the seal of the lawful Queen of the realm, but that of a usurper, and therefore no warrant."

Northumberland bowed.

"I am answered," he said. "And now to the second point on which I would be resolved. Is it fitting or right," he continued, glancing fiercely around, "that those persons who are equally culpable with myself, and by whose letters and commandments I have been directed in all I have done, should be my judges, or pass upon my trial at my death?"

"Grant that others are as deeply implicated in this case as your Grace," replied the Duke of Norfolk; "yet so long as no attainder is of record against them, they are able in the law to pass upon any trial, and cannot be challenged, except at the Queen's pleasure."

"I understand," replied Northumberland, bowing coldly; "and since it is useless to urge any reasonable matter, I will at once confess the indictment, entreating your Grace to be a means of mercy for me unto the Queen."

Judgment was then pronounced.

The Duke once more addressed them.

"I beseech you, my lords," he said, "all to be humble suitors for me to the queen's highness; that she grant me four requests."

Most of the peers having signified their assent by a slight inclination of the head, he proceeded:—

"First, that I may have that death which noblemen have had in times past, and not the other. Secondly," and his voice faltered, "that her highness will be gracious to my children, who may hereafter do her good service, considering that they went by my commandment, who am their father, and not of their own free wills."

"Do not include me in your solicitation, my lord," interrupted the Earl of Warwick, haughtily. "I neither ask mercy, nor would accept it at the Queen's hands; and prefer death to her service. What I have done, I have done on no authority save my own, and were it to do again, I would act in like manner."

"Rash boy, you destroy yourself," cried the Duke.

"Proceed, my lord," observed the Duke of Norfolk, com-

passionately; "your son's indiscreet speech will not weigh with us."

"Thirdly, then," rejoined Northumberland, "I would entreat that I may have appointed to me some learned man for the instruction and quieting of my conscience. And fourthly, that her highness will send two of the council to commune with me, to whom I will declare such matters as shall be expedient for her and the state. And thus I beseech you all to pray for me."

"Doubt it not, my lord," rejoined Norfolk; "and doubt not, also, that your requests shall be duly represented to the Queen."

"Add, if it please your grace," pursued Northumberland, "a few words in favour of the unhappy Lady Jane Dudley, who, as is well known to many now sitting in judgment upon me, so far from aspiring to the crown, was by enticement and force compelled to accept it."

The Duke then retired, and the Marquess of Northampton having advanced to the bar, and pleaded to his indictment, sentence was passed on him likewise.

His example was followed by the Earl of Warwick, who heard his condemnation pronounced with a smile.

"I thank you, my lords," he said, when the sentence was uttered, "and crave only this favour of the Queen, that as the goods of those condemned to death are totally confiscated, her highness will be pleased to let my debts be paid."

Upon this, he bowed to the tribunal and withdrew.

During the trial, an immense concourse had assembled in the open space in front of the hall, waiting in breathless impatience for the result. It was not till towards evening that this was known. The great doors were then thrown open, and a troop of halberdiers came forth to clear the way for the prisoners. A deep dead silence prevailed, and every eye was bent upon the doorway. From beneath it marched the gentleman-jailer, carrying the axe with its edge *towards* the prisoners. This was enough. The mob knew they were condemned, and expressed their satisfaction by a sullen roar.

Suddenly, the voice of a woman was heard exclaiming, "See ye not the axe? See ye not the edge turned towards him? He is condemned. The slayer of the good Duke of Somerset is condemned. Shout! Shout!"

And in obedience to her commands, a loud cry was raised by the mob. Amid this clamour and rejoicing, Northumberland and his companions were conveyed to their boat, and so to the Tower.

VI.—BY WHAT MEANS THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND WAS RECONCILED TO THE CHURCH OF ROME.

SEVERAL days having elapsed since the trial, and no order made for his execution, the Duke of Northumberland, being of a sanguine temperament, began to indulge hopes of mercy. With hope, the love of life returned, and so forcibly, that he felt disposed to submit to any humiliation to purchase his safety. During this time, he was frequently visited by Bishop Gardiner, who used every persuasion to induce him to embrace the Romish faith. Northumberland, however, was inflexible on this point, but, professing the most sincere penitence, he besought the Bishop, in his turn, to intercede with the Queen in his behalf. Gardiner readily promised compliance, in case his desires were acceded to; but as the Duke still continued firm in his refusal, he declined all interference. "Thus much I will promise," said Gardiner, in conclusion; "your grace shall have ample time for reflection, and if you place yourself under the protection of the Catholic church, no efforts shall be wanting on my part to move the Queen's compassion towards you."

That night, the officer on guard suddenly threw open the door of his cell, and admitting an old woman, closed it upon them. The Duke, who was reading at the time by the light of a small lamp set upon a table, raised his eyes and beheld Gunnora Braose.

"Why have you come hither?" he demanded. "But I need not ask. You have come to gratify your vengeance with a sight of my misery. Now you are satisfied, depart."

"I am come partly with that intent, and partly with another," replied Gunnora. "Strange as it may sound, and doubtful, I am come to save you."

"To save me!" exclaimed Northumberland, starting. "How? —But—no!—no! This is mockery. Begone, accursed woman."

"It is no mockery," rejoined Gunnora. "Listen to me, Duke of Northumberland. I love vengeance well, but I love my religion better. Your machinations brought my foster-son, the Duke of Somerset, to the block, and I would willingly see you conducted thither. But there is one consideration that overcomes this feeling. It is the welfare of the Catholic church. If you become a convert to that creed, thousands will follow your example; and for this great good I would sacrifice my own private animosity. I am come hither to tell you your life will be spared, provided you abandon the Protestant faith, and publicly embrace that of Rome."

"How know you this?" demanded the Duke.

"No matter," replied Gunnora. "I am in the confidence of those, who, though relentless enemies of yours, are yet warmer friends to the Church of Rome."

"You mean Simon Renard and Gardiner?" observed Northumberland.

Gunnora nodded assent.

"And now my mission is ended," she said. "Your grace will do well to weigh what I have said. But your decision must be speedy, or the warrant for your execution will be signed. Once within the pale of the Catholic church, you are safe."

"If I should be induced to embrace the offer?" said the Duke.

"If"—cried Gunnora, her eye suddenly kindling with vindictive fire.

"Woman," rejoined the Duke, "I distrust you. I will die in the faith I have lived."

"Be it so," she replied. "I have discharged the only weight I had upon my conscience, and can now indulge my revenge freely. Farewell! my lord. Our next meeting will be on Tower Hill."

"Hold!" cried Northumberland. "It may be as you represent, though my mind misgives me."

"It is but forswearing yourself," observed Gunnora, sarcastically. "Life is cheaply purchased at such a price."

"Wretch!" cried the Duke. "And yet I have no alternative. I accede."

"Sign this then," returned Gunnora, "and it shall be instantly conveyed to her highness."

Northumberland took the paper, and casting his eye hastily over it, found it was a petition to the Queen, praying that he might be allowed to recant his religious opinions publicly, and become reconciled to the church of Rome.

"It is in the hand of Simon Renard," he observed.

"It is," replied Gunnora.

"But who will assure me if I do this, my life will be spared?"

"I will," answered the old woman.

"You!" cried the Duke.

"I pledge myself to it," replied Gunnora. "Your life would be spared, even if your head were upon the block. I swear to you by this cross," she added, raising the crucifix that hung at her neck, "if I have played you falsely, I will not survive you."

"Enough," replied the Duke, signing the paper.

"This shall to the Queen at once," said Gunnora, snatching it with a look of ill-disguised triumph. "To-morrow will be a proud day for our church."

And with this she quitted the cell.

The next morning, the Duke was visited by Gardiner, on whose appearance he flung himself on his knees. The bishop immediately raised him, and embraced him, expressing his delight to find that he at last saw through his errors. It was then arranged that the ceremonial of the reconciliation should take place at midnight in Saint John's Chapel in the White Tower. When the Duke's conversion was made known to the other prisoners, the Marquess of Northampton, Sir Andrew Dudley, (Northum-

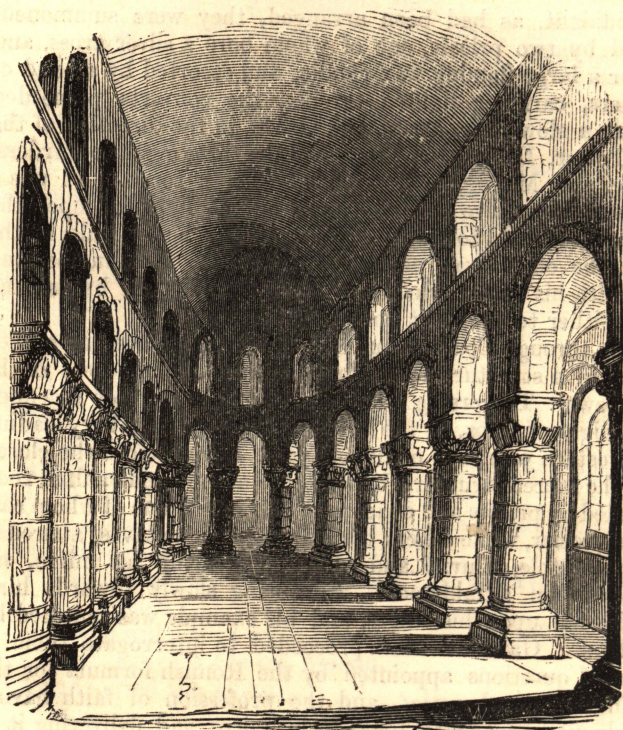
berland's brother,) Sir Henry Gates, and Sir Thomas Palmer ; they all—with the exception of the Earl of Warwick, who strongly and indignantly reprobated his father's conduct,—desired to be included in the ceremonial. The proposal being readily agreed to, priests were sent to each of them, and the remainder of the day was spent in preparation for the coming rites.

At midnight, as had been arranged, they were summoned. Preceded by two priests, one of whom bore a silver cross, and the other a large flaming wax candle, and escorted by a band of halberdiers, carrying lighted torches, the converts proceeded singly, at a slow pace, across the Green, in the direction of the White Tower. Behind them marched the three gigantic warders, Og, Gog, and Magog, each provided with a torch. It was a solemn and impressive spectacle, and as the light fell upon the assemblage collected to view it, and upon the hoary walls of the keep. The effect was peculiarly striking. Northumberland walked with his arms folded, and his head upon his breast, and looked neither to the right nor to the left.

Passing through Coalharbour Gate, the train entered an arched door-way in a structure then standing at the south-west of the White Tower. Traversing a long winding passage, they ascended a broad flight of steps, at the head of which was a gallery leading to the western entrance of the chapel. Here, before the closed door of the sacred structure, beneath the arched and vaulted roof, surrounded by priests and deacons in rich copes, one of whom carried the crosier, while others bore silver-headed staves, attired in his amice, stole, pluvial and alb, and wearing his mitre, sat Gardiner upon a faldstool. Advancing slowly towards him, the Duke fell upon his knees, and his example was imitated by the others. Gardiner then proceeded to interrogate them in a series of questions appointed by the Romish formula for the reconciliation of a heretic; and the profession of faith having been duly made, he arose, took off his mitre, and delivering it to the nearest priest, and extended his arms over the converts, and pronounced the absolution. With his right thumb he then drew the sign of the cross on the Duke's forehead, saying, "*Accipe signum crucis,*" and being answered, "*Accepi,*" he went through the same form with the rest. Once more assuming the mitre, with his left hand he took the Duke's right, and raised him, saying, "*Ingredere in ecclesiam Dei à quâ incaute aberrasti. Horresce idola. Respue omnes pravitates et superstitiones hereticas. Cole Deum omnipotentem et Jesum filium ejus, et Spiritum Sanctum.*"

Upon this, the doors of the chapel were thrown open, and the bishop led the chief proselyte towards the altar. Against the massive pillars at the east end of the chapel, reaching from their capitals to the base, was hung a thick curtain of purple velvet, edged with a deep border of gold. Relieved against this curtain

stood the altar, covered with a richly-ornamented antependium, sustaining a large silver crucifix, and six massive candlesticks of the same metal. At a few paces from it, on either side, were two other colossal silver candlesticks, containing enormous wax lights. On either side were grouped priests with censers, from which were diffused the most fragrant odours.



INTERIOR OF SAINT JOHN'S CHAPEL IN THE WHITE TOWER.

As Northumberland slowly accompanied the bishop along the nave, he saw, with some misgiving, the figures of Simon Renard and Gunnora emerge from behind the pillars of the northern aisle. His glance met that of Renard, and there was something in the look of the Spaniard that made him fear he was the dupe of a plot—but it was now too late to retreat. When within a few paces of the altar, the Duke again knelt down, while the bishop removed his mitre as before, and placed himself in front of him. Meanwhile, the whole nave of the church, the aisles, and the circular openings of the galleries above, were filled with spectators. A wide semicircle was formed around the converts. On the right stood several priests. On the left Simon Renard had planted himself, [and near to him stood

Gunnora; while, on the same side against one of the pillars, was reared the gigantic frame of Magog. A significant look passed between them as Northumberland knelt before the altar. Extending his arms over the convert, Gardiner now pronounced the following exhortation:—" *Omnipotens sempiternus Deus hanc ovem tuam de faucibus lupi tuâ virtute subtractam paternâ recipe pietate et gregi tuo reforma piâ benignitate ne de familiâ tuâ damno inimicus exultet; sed de conversione et liberatione ejus ecclesiam ut pia mater de filio reperto gratuletur per Christum Dominum nostrum.*"

"Amen!" ejaculated Northumberland.

After uttering another prayer, the bishop resumed his mitre, and seating himself upon the faldstool, which, in the interim, had been placed by the attendants in front of the altar, again interrogated the proselyte:—

"*Homo, abrenuncias Sathanas et angelos ejus?*"

"Abrenuncio," replied the Duke.

"*Abrenuncias etiâ omnes sectas hereticæ pravitatis?*" continued the bishop.

"Abrenuncio," responded the convert.

"*Vis esse et vivere in unitate sanctæ fidei Catholicæ?*" demanded Gardiner.

"*Volo,*" answered the Duke.

Then again taking off his mitre, the bishop arose, and laying his right hand upon the head of the Duke, recited another prayer, concluding by signing him with the cross. This done, he resumed his mitre, and seated himself on the faldstool, while Northumberland, in a loud voice, again made a profession of his faith, and abjuration of his errors—admitting and embracing the apostolical ecclesiastical traditions, and all others—acknowledging all the observances of the Roman church—purgatory—the veneration of saints and relics—the power of indulgences—promising obedience to the Bishop of Rome,—and engaging to retain and confess the same faith entire and inviolated to the end of his life. "*Ago talis,*" he said, in conclusion, "*cognoscens veram Catholicam et Apostolicum fidem. Anathematizo hic publicè omnem heresem, præcipuè illam de quâ hactenus extitit.*" This he affirmed by placing both hands upon the book of the holy gospels, proffered him by the bishop, exclaiming, "*Sic me Deus adjuvet, et hæc sancta Dei evangelia!*"

The ceremony was ended, and the proselyte arose. At this moment, he met the glance of Renard—that triumphant and diabolical glance—its expression was not to be mistaken. Northumberland shuddered. He felt that he had been betrayed.

VII.—HOW THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND WAS BEHEADED ON
TOWER HILL.

THREE days after Northumberland's reconciliation with the Church of Rome, the warrant for his execution was signed by Queen Mary. The fatal intelligence was brought him by the lieutenant, Sir John Gage, and though he received it with apparent calmness, his heart sank within him. He simply inquired when it was to take place, and, being informed on the following day at an early hour, he desired to be left alone. As soon as the lieutenant was gone, he abandoned himself wholly to despair, and fell into a state bordering on distraction. While he was in this frenzied state, the door of his cell opened, and the jailor introduced Gunnora Braose and a tall man muffled in the folds of an ample black cloak.

"Wretch!" cried the Duke, regarding the old woman fiercely. "You have deceived me. But the device shall avail you little. From the scaffold I will expose the snare in which I have been taken. I will proclaim my Protestant opinions; and my dying declaration will be of more profit to that faith than my recent recantation can be to yours."

"Your grace is mistaken," rejoined Gunnora. "I do not deserve your reproaches, as I will presently show. I am the bearer of a pardon to you."

"A pardon!" exclaimed Northumberland, incredulously.

"Ay, a pardon," replied the old woman. "The Queen's highness will spare your life. But it is her pleasure that her clemency be as public as your crime. You will be reprieved on the scaffold."

"Were I assured of this," cried Northumberland, eagerly grasping at the straw held out to him, "I would exhort the whole multitude to embrace the Catholic faith."

"Rest satisfied of it, then," replied Gunnora. "May I perish at the same moment as yourself if I speak not the truth!"

"Whom have we here?" inquired the Duke, turning to the muffled personage. "The headsman?"

"Your enemy," replied the individual, throwing aside his mantle, and disclosing the features of Simon Renard.

"It is but a poor revenge to insult a fallen foe," observed Northumberland, disdainfully.

"Revenge is sweet, however obtained," rejoined Renard. "I am not come, however, to insult your grace, but to confirm the truth of this old woman's statement. Opposed as I am to you, and shall ever be, I would not have you forfeit your life by a new and vile apostacy. Abjure the Catholic faith, and you will die unpitied by all. Maintain it; and at the last moment, when the arm of the executioner is raised, and the axe gleams in the air—

when the eyes of thousands are fixed on it—sovereign mercy will arrest the blow.”

“You awaken new hope in my bosom,” rejoined the Duke.

“Be true to the faith you have embraced, and fear nothing,” continued Renard. “You may yet be restored to favour, and a new career of ambition will open to you.”

“Life is all I ask,” replied the Duke; “and if that be spared, it shall be spent in her majesty’s service. My pride is thoroughly humbled. But the language you hold to me, M. Renard, is not that of an enemy. Let me think that our differences are ended.”

“They will be ended to-morrow,” replied Renard, coldly.

“Be it so,” replied Northumberland. “The first act of the life I receive from her highness shall be to prostrate myself at her feet: the next, to offer my thanks to you, and entreat your friendship.”

“Tush,” returned Renard, impatiently. “My friendship is more to be feared than my enmity.”

“If there is any means of repairing the wrong I have done you,” said the Duke, turning to Gunnora, “be assured I will do it.”

“I am content with what your grace has done already,” rejoined Gunnora, sternly. “You cannot restore the Duke of Somerset to life. You cannot give back the blood shed on the scaffold —”

“But I can atone for it,” interrupted the Duke.

“Ay,” cried Gunnora, her eyes flashing with vindictive fire, “you *can*—fearfully atone for it.”

“Ha!” exclaimed the Duke.

“Your grace will not heed her raving,” remarked Renard, seeing that Northumberland’s suspicions were aroused by the old woman’s manner.

“You can atone for it,” continued Gunnora, aware of the impression she had produced, and eager to remove it, “by a life of penance. Pass the night in prayer for the repose of his soul, and do not omit to implore pardon for yourself, and to-morrow I will freely forgive you.”

“I will do as you desire,” replied the Duke.

“I must now bid your grace farewell,” said Renard. “We shall meet to-morrow—on the scaffold.”

“But not part there, I hope,” replied Northumberland, forcing a smile.

“That will rest with your grace—not me,” replied Renard, in a freezing tone.

“Will you accept this from me?” said Northumberland, detaching a jewelled ornament from his dress, and offering it to Gunnora.

“I will accept nothing from you,” replied the old woman.

“Yes,—one thing,” she added quickly.

“It is yours,” rejoined the Duke. “Name it?”

“You shall give it me to-morrow,” she answered evasively.

"It is his head you require," observed Renard, with a sinister smile, as they quitted the Beauchamp Tower.

"You have guessed rightly," rejoined the old woman, savagely.

"We have him in our toils," returned Renard. "He cannot escape. You ought to be content with your vengeance, Gunnora. You have destroyed both body and soul."

"I *am* content," she answered.

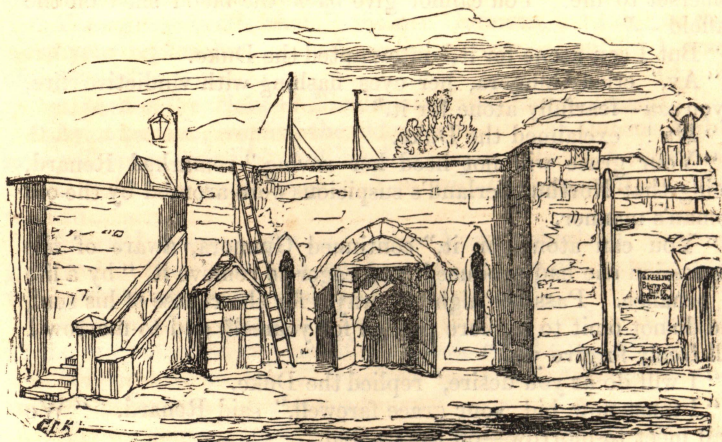
"And now to Mauger," said Renard, "to give him the necessary instructions. You should bargain with him for Northumberland's head, since you are so anxious to possess it."

"I shall not live to receive it," rejoined Gunnora.

"Not live!" he exclaimed. "What mean you?"

"No matter," she replied. "We lose time. I am anxious to finish this business. I have much to do to-night."

Taking their way across the Green, and hastening down the declivity they soon arrived at the Bloody Tower. Here they learnt from a warder that Mauger, since Queen Mary's accession, had taken up his quarters in the Cradle Tower, and thither they repaired. Traversing the outer ward in the direction of the Lantern Tower, they passed through a wide portal and entered the Privy gardens, on the right of which stood the tower in question.



EXTERIOR OF THE CRADLE TOWER.

As they drew near, they heard the shrill sound produced by the sharpening of some steel instrument. Smiling significantly at Gunnora, Renard instead of opening the door proceeded to a narrow loop-hole, and looked in. He beheld a savage-looking individual seated on a bench near a grindstone. He had an axe in one hand, which he had just been sharpening, and was trying its edge with his thumb. His fierce blood-shot eyes, peering from beneath his bent and bushy brows, were fixed upon the

weapon. His dress consisted of a doublet of red serge with tight black sleeves, and hose of the same colour. His brow was lowering and wrinkled—the summit of his head perfectly bald, but the sides were garnished with long black locks, which together with his immense grizzled moustaches, bristling like the whiskers of a cat-a-mountain, and ragged beard, imparted a wild and forbidding look to his physiognomy. Near him rested a square, solid piece of wood, hollowed out on either side to admit the shoulder and head of the person laid upon it. This was the block. Had Renard not known whom he beheld, instinct would have told him it was the headsman.

Apparently satisfied with the sharpness of the implement, Mauger was about to lay it aside, when the door opened, and Renard and Gunnora entered the chamber. The executioner rose to receive them. He had received a wound in his left leg which had crippled the limb, and he got up with difficulty.

"Do not disturb yourself," said Renard. "My business will be despatched in a few seconds. You are preparing I see for the execution to-morrow. What I have to say relates to it. The moment the Duke's head is laid upon this block," he added, pointing to it, "strike. Give him not a moment's pause. Do you hear?"

"I do," replied Mauger. "But I must have some warrant?"

"Be this your warrant," replied Renard, flinging him a heavy purse. "If you require further authority, you shall have it under the Queen's own hand."

"I require nothing further, worshipful sir," replied Mauger, smiling grimly. "Ere the neck has rested one second upon the block, the head shall be off."

"I have also a boon to offer, and an injunction to give," said Gunnora taking off the ring given her by the unfortunate Lady Jane, and presenting it to him.

"Your gift is the richer of the two, or I am mistaken, good mistress," said Mauger, regarding the glittering gem with greedy eyes. "What am I to do for it? I cannot behead him twice."

"I shall stand in front of the scaffold to-morrow," replied Gunnora, "in some conspicuous place where you will easily discern me. Before you deal the fatal blow, make a sign to me—thus—do you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied the headsman. "I will not fail you."

Upon this, Renard and the old woman quitted the Cradle Tower, and walked together as far as the outer ward, where each took a separate course.

The last night of his existence was passed by the Duke of Northumberland in a most miserable manner. Alternately buoyed up by hope, and depressed by fear, he could neither calm his agitation, nor decide upon any line of conduct. Allowed, as a matter of indulgence, to remain within the large room, he occupied

himself in putting the finishing touches to a carving on the wall, which he had commenced on his first imprisonment, and had wrought at at intervals. This curious sculpture may still be seen on the right hand of the fireplace of the mess-room in the Beauchamp Tower, and contains his cognizance, a bear and lion supporting a ragged staff surrounded by a border of roses, acorns and flowers intermingled with foliage.



NORTHUMBERLAND'S INSCRIPTION IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

Northumberland was employed upon the third line of the quatrain below his name, which remains unfinished to the present day, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a priest, sent to him by Gardiner. The holy man found him in no very favourable frame of mind, but succeeded after some time in awakening him to a due sense of his awful situation. The Duke then made a full confession of his guilt, and received his shrift. At daybreak, the priest departed, with a promise to attend him to the place of execution.

Much tranquillised, the Duke now prepared himself for his last trial. He pondered over what he should say on the scaffold, and nerved himself to meet his fate, whatever it might be. The Duke of Warwick was then introduced to him to receive

his blessing, and to take an everlasting farewell. After he had received the Duke's embrace, the Earl observed, "Would I could change places with you, father. I would say that on the scaffold which would shake the bigot Mary on the throne."

The Duke then partook of some refreshment, and wrapped himself in a loose robe of grain-coloured damask. At eight o'clock, the Sheriffs of London arrived at the Bulwark Gate, and demanded the body of the prisoner. Upon this, the Lieutenant, accompanied by four warders, proceeded to the Beauchamp Tower, and informed the Duke that all was in readiness.

"I am ready, too," replied Northumberland, once more embracing his son, whose firmness did not desert him at this trying juncture. And he followed the Lieutenant to the Green. Here they found the priest, and a band of halberdiers waiting to escort him to the scaffold. Among the by-standers stood Simon Renard, who immediately advanced towards him.

"How fares your grace?" he asked.

"Well enough, sir, I thank you," answered the Duke, bowing. "I shall be better anon."

The train then set forward, passing through lines of spectators, until it reached the Middle Tower, where it halted, to allow the Lieutenant to deliver the prisoner to the Sheriffs and their officers. This ceremony over, it again set forward, and passed through the Bulwark Gate.

Prepared as the Duke was for some extraordinary sight, he was yet taken completely by surprise. The whole area of Tower Hill seemed literally paved with human heads. A line of scaffoldings was erected on the brink of the moat, and every seat in them was occupied. Never before had so vast an assemblage been collected in the same place. The whole of the western ramparts of the fortress—the roof and battlements of the White Tower—every point from which a view of the spectacle could be obtained, was thronged. On the Duke's appearance, a murmur of satisfaction pervaded the immense host, and he then felt that even if the Queen's pardon should arrive, his personal safety was more than questionable.

Preceded by a band of arquebussiers, armed with calivers, and attended by the sheriffs, the priest, and Simon Renard, Northumberland marched slowly forward. At length, he reached the scaffold. It was surrounded by seats, set aside for persons of distinction; and among its occupants were many of his former friends and allies. Avoiding their gaze, the Duke mounted the scaffold with a firm foot; but the sight of the vast concourse from this elevated point almost unmanned him. As he looked around, another murmur arose, and the mob undulated like the ocean. Near the block stood Mauger, leaning on his axe; his features concealed by a hideous black mask. On the Duke's appearance, he fell on his knees, and, according to custom, demanded forgiveness, which was granted. Throwing aside his

robe, the Duke then advanced to the side of the scaffold, and leaning over the eastern rail, thus addressed the assemblage :

"Good people. I am come hither this day to die, as ye know. Indeed, I confess to you all that I have been an evil liver, and have done wickedly all the days of my life; and, of all, most against the Queen's highness, of whom I here openly ask forgiveness," and he reverentially bent the knee. "But I alone am not the original doer thereof, I assure you, for there were some others who procured the same. But I will not name them, for I will now hurt no man. And the chief occasion that I have erred from the Catholic faith and true doctrine of Christ, has been through false and seditious preachers. The doctrine, I mean, which has continued through all Christendom since Christ. For, good people, there is, and hath been ever since Christ, one Catholic church; which church hath continued from him to his disciples in one unity and concord, and so hath always continued from time to time until this day, and yet doth throughout all Christendom, ourselves alone excepted. Of this church I openly profess myself to be one, and do steadfastly believe therein. I speak unfeignedly from the bottom of my heart. And I beseech you all bear witness that I die therein. Moreover, I do think, if I had had this belief sooner, I never should have come to this pass: wherefore I exhort you all, good people, take example of me, and forsake this new doctrine betimes. Defer it not long, lest God plague you as he hath me, who now suffer this vile death most deservedly."

Concluding by desiring the prayers of the assemblage, he returned slowly, and fixing an inquiring look upon Renard, who was standing with his arms folded upon his breast, near the block, said in a low tone, "It comes not."

"It is not yet time," replied Renard.

The Duke was about to kneel down, when he perceived a stir amid the mob in front of the scaffold, occasioned by some one waving a handkerchief to him. Thinking it was the signal of a pardon, he paused. But he was speedily undeceived. A second glance showed him that the handkerchief was waved by Gunnora, and was spotted with blood.

Casting one glance of the bitterest anguish at Renard, he then prostrated himself, and the executioner at the same moment raised his hand. As soon as the Duke had disposed himself upon the block, the axe flashed like a gleam of lightning in the sunshine,—descended,—and the head was severed from the trunk.

Seizing it with his left hand, Mauger held it aloft, almost before the eyes were closed, crying out to the assemblage, in a loud voice, "Behold the head of a traitor!"

Amid the murmur produced by the released respiration of the multitude, a loud shriek was heard, and a cry followed that an old woman had suddenly expired. The report was true. It was Gunnora Braose.

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE BRITANNIA



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The battle and the breeze."

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OFFICE, 26, BRIDE LANE, FLEET STREET,

WHERE ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS (POST PAID) MUST BE ADDRESSED.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE STEAM PRESS OF KELLY & Co.

(Printers of the Post Office London Directory),

19 & 20, OLD BOSWELL COURT, TEMPLE BAR.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE BRITANNIA.

POLITICS.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA.

FAR be it from us to doubt the public wisdom. Whether the subject be the question of privilege, or the Bude light—the character of Mr. Stockdale, or the moral existence of the Ministry, we accede to the proprieties of things, submit to the necessities of council, and wait in happy anticipation for the fruits of this travail of the national mind. But there are other matters in the world. It may not be generally known, yet it is not less the fact, that a great quantity of active, violent, and rapacious power is at work beyond the walls of British council, and even beyond the shores of England. If we dared to approach the *penetralia* of some of those individuals who direct the country, we should say, that proceedings are on foot at this hour on the Continent of much more importance than our easy conscience appears generally to have suspected, and that our English slumbers may not be very far from being broken up by a burst of storm round the political hemisphere.

Approaching some such oracle of state, we should take with us a map of Europe, and venture to point out to his wandering, or perhaps startled eye, the space bordering the east side of the British channel. There, my Lord (we might say), is France. She has the largest population of any kingdom of Europe—for Russia, her only rival, is three-fourths Scythian. She has the most reckless and inflammable mind of any nation. She nurses a passion for war as others cherish the arts of peace. She has never made peace but when she was unable to make war; nor ever given up war, but when she was scourged into peace. She has the finest position in Europe to render an impetuous and unprincipled power sovereign of the whole. She sits in the centre, and can pour out armies on every frontier, from a population of thirty-two millions of madmen; flashes of fire and streams of lava from a volcano, which, whether silent or roaring, is always burning. This France is building ships with a rapidity unexampled even in her own rapid ambition. For what can those ships be built, but for future supremacy over England? She is seizing a kingdom eight hundred miles long and two hundred broad, in Africa;—for what can she be seizing that kingdom?—she has one in Europe eight hundred miles long and six hundred broad already. Her African kingdom is three-fourths sand and the rest swamp; her European kingdom is the most fertile territory north of the tropics. Is she sending 60,000 men to conquer sand and swamp? No; she is sending them to make the Mediterranean French on both sides. Why is she intriguing with the Pasha of Egypt? Is it to take pos-

session of Egypt as she has done of Algiers? Not yet. Egypt is too far off for a while, and Russia too near. But if she can make the Pasha an ally, she will make him a dependant; and if a dependant, she will have the head of the Mediterranean French as well as the two sides. Then we shall have a war; perhaps before; but then inevitable, and as dangerous as it is inevitable.

We should then turn to the north, and point to the Russian eagle, with one talon grasping Poland, and with the other the Caucasus, pointing down on Constantinople with its beak, and covering Tartary with the shadow of its wings. We might ask, why has Russia forty sail of the line in full equipment in the Baltic, provisioned for months, and with an army encamped beside them, and ready to step on board at the blast of a trumpet? For what is all this waste of labour, of money, and of life? Does Russia fear an invasion from her vassal, Sweden? Does she prepare against the last struggle of that dying tiger, the Ottoman? Does she dread an English bombardment of Cronstadt, or the pillage of St. Petersburg? She is notoriously as secure from all those contingencies as if she were surrounded by the ice of the Pole. But she prepares for that day when she shall add the British Channel to the Sound, and sweep the Atlantic as she now sweeps the Euxine. She has marched an army of 30,000 men in the depth of winter over the snows of Tartary. For what is this? If the conjecture of the Foreign-office is, that she has thus expended her men and money to conquer a fragment of the northern wilderness a thousand miles from Europe; it is to be remembered that she has a million of square miles of that desert already, and that her actual territory covers a third of the habitable globe. On this point we certainly cannot indulge in the security of our statesmen. The purpose is conquest; and England is the enemy. Have those statesmen ventured to ask the Russian autocrat the reason of an expedition which thus menaces Britain through her power in India? We know not; but we think that the inquiry would be natural.

We might then solicit the noble lord to bend his eyes a little further east, and ask the cause of those sudden wars which have been raised against England in that mighty and barbarian expanse of many names which spreads along Northern India. What fear or hope, policy or corruption, compelled the march of the British army a thousand miles from Bengal? Is not the secret to be looked for in the Cabinets of Europe; and is not the war of Afghanistan but a fragment of the general hostility which

every hour matures in Europe against England?

One glance onward, and we shall urge the wearied functionary no further. Can any man, beyond the walls of the Cabinet, believe that the Chinese have quarrelled with England on their own account? The Chinese are the Dutch of the East, and they love trade with the only passion of their swampy souls; they are the Jews of the temperate zone, and dollars are their existence; they are the women of mankind, feeble, timid, fugitive, and thinking a cannon an angry deity. Yet the Chinese have declared war against England—have abjured all commerce with their chief customer—have broken up a trade which brought them dollars by the million—and have faced British carronades and long twelves in open fight. To what is all this owing? Do the Chinese desire to invade the Isle of Thanet, or fix an

imperial tea warehouse at Gravesend? Do they feel jealousy of the "barbarian eye;" or care one of their own baboon-tails whom the Secretary of State makes happy with his next sinecure? No—but the Chinese have a Russian College at Pekin!

That all those matters have been utterly unsuspected by the profound in politics at home, we entirely believe. But we still think, that if the map were occasionally referred to, it might be of some value to refresh the faded memory even of Statesmanship; and that if mighty powers, suddenly starting to their feet, buckling on their accoutrements, and ordering the drum to beat for a march no one is told whither, were plainly asked the reason of this sudden display, however the answer might be unsatisfactory, the question would not be unnatural.

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

WHAT next? The Irish Corporations have fallen, at least so far as party can prostrate them; and now party turns to another prey. Is it not remarkable, that, in our day, every attack is levelled against the Church? There are a hundred things in the State which would furnish plunder to the Revolutionist; but his appetite disdains all other prey, and must feed on the Church. The tiger, after having once tasted human blood, is said to disdain all other carnage; his sense of luxury has grown refined; the small deer of the forest are beneath him, and he lurks for the superior animal. It is true that the Revolutionist mixes policy with his appetite. In crushing the Church, he crushes his great enemy; he breaks down the great defence of the State; with the Church levelled before him, he has all the barriers against rabble violence at his feet, and has thenceforth only to rob at his ease.

The new attempt of this grasping and long-armed larceny is on the other side of the Atlantic. Yet, like the visage of a transported felon, it is exactly the same as the sullen physiognomy which had so long flourished in its vocation here. The point, the principle, and the purpose of the Transatlantic spoil are precisely of the order which have so strongly excited the alarm of the Protestant community continually since the fatal 1829.

In originally locating the Canadian wilderness, certain tracts of land were set apart as a future provision for the Established Church; these were known as "the clergy reserves," and were a seventh portion of every district. At the period of locating, they were desert, and no man thought it worth his while to quarrel about them. But, as the population increased, a jealous eye was cast on the land by the populace, who have no more right to it than to the dominion of the clouds; and a still more jealous eye, if possible, by the small, bitter, and querulous sectarianism, which, hating all subordination, hates the Church as the fountain of order; hating all monarchy, hates

the Church as the natural protector of the Throne; and, hating the British connexion, which checks its republican and plundering propensities, hates the Church as the great tie between Canada and England. That the restless intrigue of this mischievous and eminently worldly swarm should urge a Colonial Legislature into the folly of destroying the national property of the Establishment, and thereby finally extinguishing the Establishment itself, is too familiar to our knowledge of sectarian knavery and legislative dependence to excite much surprise. But that any Cabinet of England, much less any British Parliament, should suffer the spoliation, is to us matter of absolute astonishment; for the direct, palpable, and utterly inevitable result of subverting the Church of England in Canada must be the final and not remote subversion of all British authority. If the Cabinet can be ignorant of this result, their ignorance is extraordinary; if they are not ignorant, their policy is more extraordinary still.

The Established Church cannot exist as a pure teacher of religion among any people, without an established property; because, in all instances, where the payment depends upon the will of the people, the doctrines of the preacher will inevitably, on the general scale, come to be modified by the popular will. The man who pays is always, more or less, the master of the man who is paid; and, though there may be individuals among the clergy who would refuse to colour their opinions by the hue of their hearers, yet, in the end, the influence of the congregation will be successful, and the pulpit will be Socinian or Evangelical, Calvinist or Arminian, according to the majority. This is the history of the countless shades among the sectaries. They live on popular money, and must obey popular caprice. And this is also one reason of the steadiness of the Church. It lives on its own property, and therefore has no temptation to abandon its own knowledge. The seventh

part of the land, appointed in the original division, was certainly not too much for the decent subsistence of a clergy whose office renders it necessary that they should mingle among the better orders of the country as well as the lower, and that they should seem paupers to neither. But the present outcry is not so much against any superfluity in this point; for land still wants occupiers, much more than occupiers want land; and every man must know that the clergy, being precluded from all trade and farming, must continue to be but a poor class of the community after all. But the point is, the jealousy of the sectarians at the appearance of superiority. This jealousy has now intrigued so successfully, that the Canadian legislative bodies and the Governor-General have transmitted an Act for depriving the Church of its original property, and dividing every reserve into four parts—one-fourth to the Church, one-fourth to the Presbyterians, and two-fourths to all the other sects, let their names or natures be what they may—Papist, Arian; anything, everything.

That this cutting down of the legal property of the Church from a seventh to a twenty-eighth is not merely unjust, but will eventually involve the Canadas in rebellion (if the plunder should take place), we have not the slightest possible doubt. All sectarianism is revolutionary; it lives by the populace, and it must

cherish the popular will. It is strong only by the strength of the popular influence, and it must at once encourage that influence, and be its slave. This tendency is wholly undeniable. It is notorious that nine-tenths of all sectarian teachers are peevishly acrimonious against all that belongs to monarchy. Their church is built on the republican principle, and their prejudices and their profit naturally follow revolutionary change.

But we must further ask, can the sectaries be relied on as the depositories of any fund for a continued public purpose? The education of the people in religion ought to be a matter in which provision is made for centuries to come. But the sectaries are shifting every day. New sects arise, old ones disappear. What would have been the case if Canada had been ours, and this division had taken place in the time of the revolution of 1641? Of the forty or fifty sects which then started up, and of which each would have demanded its share in the general trust, only the Presbyterians and Independents remain. What would have become of the land appropriated to those ephemeral absurdities, or still more, what of the education assigned to them? The land would doubtless have been clutched fast by some dexterous residuary legatee of nonsense, but the duty would have vanished into air.

DEBATES ON THE CHINA WAR.

THE debate on the Chinese war, after employing three nights, closed on Friday morning at four, by one of the usual brilliant majorities of the Cabinet!—on a division of 271 to 262. When we further recollect that this was in a House which contains 50 placemen, and 70 O'Connellite members, the Cabinet will congratulate itself on Whig triumph with the same clamour and the same reason as on previous occasions.

On the question itself we did not expect much. We had already spoken of it as too remote, dubious, and unfurnished with clear information, to make it one of any strong public feeling. The debate has cleared it but little, and the public will look upon the question as requiring much better elucidation than is to be found in any part of the discussion. Ministers seem to have defended themselves solely on the omission by their opponents of saying, what line of policy Sir J. Graham and his friends would have adopted, if they were in power. But the ministerial subordinates let us a little more deeply into the true state of the case. And with those persons, the chief query seems to have been, "if the British commissioner at Canton had prohibited the opium there, would it not have gone somewhere else? and this being the fact, why should he not have allowed it, and made what he could of it?" If this be the principle, we do not wonder at the violence of the Chinese authorities. They had a right to call upon the public servant of England to restrain his countrymen from smuggling as far as

he could; and if he refused, they had a right to regard him as an accomplice. It would have been his duty to have driven away the smugglers from Canton; and if they then traded on other parts of the coast not within his jurisdiction, he was no longer accountable. But was this the process? Quite the contrary. The British factory seems, so far as we can collect from the documents, to have been the grand *depot* of this forbidden commodity, even to the extraordinary amount of two millions of money, and the commissioner to have sanctioned this traffic so directly, as to make this Government responsible for the amount seized by the Chinese.

But throughout the whole debate, the true point appears to have been forgotten; and this is the practical fact—that we have involved ourselves in actual war with a power remarkable for its habits of peace, and that a commerce has been destroyed which enriched the Chinese Government, and gave us three millions and a half sterling. Can any man in his senses believe that this was voluntary on the part of the Chinese Government; or that it would risk so much public disturbance, loss of life, cessation of commerce, and loss of actual revenue, without some most powerful cause? It ought to have been the business of the debate to ascertain and bring forward that cause, and not to involve it in cloudy metaphysics on the rights of nations, or trifling inquiries into the laziness or dandyism of the Foreign Secretary. If the Chinese Government regarded the trade

in opium as spreading a dangerous and stupefying drug among the people to a hazardous degree, it undoubtedly had then a cause fully sufficient to authorize any measure of prohibition, and its sacrifice of the tea trade was a manly and magnanimous sacrifice to the health and morals of the country. But it must be acknowledged that the Whig Government made every blunder that was possible. They changed the title of the head of the British Factory, a matter of suspicion to a people peculiarly jealous of foreign encroachment, and evidently regarding this change as preliminary to encroachment. They changed the character of this head, from that of a commercial chief clerk to that of a military or naval officer. They changed the residence of this head from a spot below Canton to the city itself—a matter of notorious national offence. They changed the medium of his communication, from the Magistrates of the city to the Emperor—a diplomatic offence. And are they to be surprised that these assumptions were the source of discontent and disgust with the Councillors of an Empire numbering one-third of the inhabitants of the earth, wholly independent of European arts—wholly beyond the power of European hostility—and seeing nothing in its vast horizon, and the unlimited regions beyond, but subjects, allies, or slaves? The true question, we repeat it, is, why has China gone to war? It is impossible that she can have done it but from a feeling of its necessity. She has no hope of conquest from England. She has nothing to gain in trade by shutting out England. Why, then, has she thrown away money and blood? Certainly for no earthly reason that stimulates nations in

general to make war. It must have been because she could not get rid of a nuisance on any easier terms. Who can doubt that the Chinese must have felt long injury, long petulance, and long absurdity, and that they were hopeless of any other remedy than cutting off all intercourse with those wilful and obstinate blockheads? Those are the men whom the perverseness of national destiny has set over us; and here are the fruits: we have lost three millions and a half of revenue at a blow; we have already incurred an expense of some millions more in preparing for a Chinese war. And this financial waste occurs, when the deficit of our revenue, in the twenty-five years of peace, for the last three years, has been a million and a half a year below the expenditure. Will not Russia be on the alert when China is engaged? Will the Indian powers be regardless of the drain of troops and treasure? And all that we have to recompense the British Empire for this present loss and future suffering is a speech from the Foreign Secretary, in his own spruce style, assuring us that he has managed matters in the most thriving possible manner, though they may have turned out ill; with half a score of dull speeches from as many understrappers of office, assuring us that the Government can do no wrong, though it never does right; that the whole is a mere party question; that though we are sending troops by the thousand, there is not the least possibility of a war; and that though the most lucrative commerce of England is destroyed, we shall only be the richer, happier, and more fortunate for it—provided we hold our tongues, and magnify the dynasty of MELBOURNE!

PHILOSOPHY OF A PREMIER.

THE English nation is a placable one, and no people of the earth are more inclined to overlook the common lapses of human nature. They even extend this principle largely to public life, and no intelligent people of the earth has ever had its patience more tried by blockheads in office. Doubtless there have occasionally been high compensations, and the powerful common-sense of Walpole, the fiery grandeur of Chatham, and the still loftier, yet less erratic splendours of his son, throw a broad light over the darkness between. But there is still a limit, beyond which expectation becomes an absurdity, and long suffering a national crime. And it is that, where the meanest rank of abilities is combined with the meanest rank of moral dignity—where the most contemptible trifling goes hand in hand with the most inveterate selfishness—and where the most ridiculous incompetence for power is bound up with the most insatiate thirst for possession. This time has fully arrived. We never knew a cabinet of England so thoroughly despicable as that one which now carries the keys of Downing-street. They have proved their title to public scorn, by a rigidity of demonstration that would satisfy an Euclid.

Examine them in any position, and they still show the same feeble, rickety, and cramped form. See them in the Legislature, shrinking from every question, trampled on by the most trivial antagonists; flung, individually, into scorn by every man, even the merest tyro in debate. See them at their desks, covering alternately before the whole tribe of Radicalism. What would Pitt have said, if such a list were unfolded before him, and he was to be told, "those are the supporters, and the sole supporters, of your Cabinet?" With what a glance of indignation would a true British Minister look upon the parade of the brutal and the brawling, the griping and the pitiful, the open avower of Republicanism, and the desperate villains now passing the ocean with the shackles of tardy justice ringing on their limbs; and with how immediate an instinct of manliness and integrity would he refuse to stain the cause of England by the contact!

But the heavier omen of the time is the effort, whether conscious or not, to give popularity to principles which strike not at the externals of government, but at the heart of society; not the intemperance of Parliament, but the poison which lays the national frame in the grave.

Lord Melbourne, wise in his philosophy as in his politics, is charged with having told the House that "the doctrine of moral responsibility was an *abstract question*, which *he*, for one, *never could understand!*" We perfectly believe that there, at least, he spoke the truth; and we must confess that, whatever might be our surprise at the folly of this declaration, it would be incomparably greater if a yawning

and empty lounge through life, like Lord Melbourne, spending his early days as he did when "a young man about town," and spending his declining ones in the way which every body sees—a daily encumbrance and notorious burlesque of her Majesty's table—should know any thing on any subject of manly inquiry whatever.

THE OPIUM QUESTION.

THE Opium question has been one of the first fruits of that abominable policy, which makes Whiggism the shame, and will make it the ruin of the empire. The cry of the rabble in 1830 was, "Down with privileges—away with systems—extinguish everything that time, experience, and necessity ever established." Whiggism, always base, and always thinking only of power for the moment, however purchased by mischief for the future, echoed the cry, and took office on the condition! Charters and privileges were every where thrown under foot, and among the rest the exclusive right of the India Company to trade with China. Nothing could be a stronger instance of Ministerial submission to clamour than this act. If all other monopolies had been abolished, this ought to have been retained. The singularly suspicious habits of the Chinese Government—the irritable nature of a people contemptuous of foreigners—and the fear of destroying a trade which gave three millions and a half yearly to British revenue, would have made any other Ministry pause?

But when did anything but a fear of losing their salaries make a Whig Ministry pause? The privilege was abolished, and from that instant nothing but discontent and disturbance have been the consequence. England was inundated with cargoes of tea, which the Company in other times would not have suffered among their importations, and China was startled by the sudden influx of a host of adventurers, whom the Company would have once kept out; but who now infested the coasts in powerful vessels, half-trader, half-pirate, and forced a smuggling trade, in dangerous defiance of all authority. The result was a perpetual irritation, until the Chinese Government, justly disgusted at this profligate commerce, and, probably, alarmed at the excessive and deleterious use of opium among the people, laid a strong hand on the trade, and confiscated every chest of opium of which they could obtain possession.

Who can wonder at the measure, or who are to be blamed but that detestable, corrupt, and selfish faction which sacrifices everything to popular clamour?

CHIVA.

ALL the accounts from Germany represent the Russian march to Chiva as having failed, and miserably failed. In attempting to force its weary way across the dreadful Tartar wilderness, all its beasts of burthen were lost; the soldiery—starved, frozen, and naked—died; and the General, with the remnant of this large, and, it is to be presumed, carefully equipped army, was glad to make his escape from those horrors to Orenburg. If this be all true, we have here another instance of the punishment of ambition. Nothing can give a stronger idea of the atrocious follies of which the human mind is capable, than the frenzy of Russia for conquest in all directions. She had evidently no more cause of war against the little Tartar tribe, whom she thus attacked, than against the inhabitants of the fixed stars. But she sends an army of thirty thousand men against them, evidently to prepare for more conquest, more havoc, more misery. If she had succeeded in fixing a Russian camp at the foot of the Himmaleh, who can doubt that her

next step would be down into India; or that the step would be followed by a Tartar invasion, swelled by the millions of soldiers of fortune whom India breeds for mercenary havoc, and whose fury the power of England has alone been able to restrain from covering Hindostan with ruin every half-dozen years! If Russia should be able to throw an army across the Indus or the mountains, millions of lives would be sacrificed, civilization destroyed in the universal flame of war, and the country thrown into barrenness and solitude for half a century, if it did not become a wilderness, with no dwellers but the lion and the tiger. And this is glory! What an accumulation of crime must rest on the head of the Government which, in cold blood, contemplates such a work of human wretchedness! What curses of posterity must yet blast the false fame of such councils! What scorn and condemnation of every heart of humanity and religion must gather round the course of a Despotism thus coveting the sullen renown of a destroyer!

EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

EXTRACTS

FROM AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "REVIEW OF THE EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR."

IN MARCH, an attempt was made to open the General Post Office on Sundays. It excited scorn as a measure of popularity, ridicule as a matter of convenience, and alarm as an insult to religion. The Bishop of London, at the head of a deputation of the citizens, waited on Lord Melbourne to deprecate it. His Lordship was perfectly innocent on the subject. He had but just returned from a six months' residence at Windsor, where he had been taking lessons in lace-making; this accounts for everything. In contrast to this scene, the Queen Dowager Adelaide was on the same day, the 20th of March, employed in laying the first stone of a Protestant Church at Malta, to be built at an expense of £8,000, her own sacred and royal contribution—an act for which this high-minded Queen will be honoured when ministers and minions will be as much forgotten as the sots and jesters of the dark ages.

IN MAY, two persons, who had figured in history, came to the same close which finishes alike the career of kings and corporals—Cardinal Fesch and Caroline Buonaparte, once Queen of Naples. The cardinal was an instance of the oddity which fortune often displays in her choice of favourites. Some she undoubtedly has, whom nobody can blame her for taking into her good graces. There are talents, and brilliancies of time and circumstance in some men, which compel her advances; but, for one such, she has a thousand whose captivations are a problem to all mankind. Fortune is like woman—if she cannot find a lover she lavishes her passion on a monkey. Cardinal Fesch was a little abbé in a Corsican village, a simple, trifling, and harmless man; but the accident of having a sister married to a solicitor in the same village, made all the difference to him of dying an abbé in Corsica, and of dying a prince of the popedom in Rome. Napoleon, who made kings of his brothers, would do nothing more for his uncle than make him a cardinal. Why he did not make him a pope, is to be attributed to his moderation, for he might have made his simple uncle, "Dominus Deus noster, Papa," according to the title of the canonists; and turned the plump director of the village conscience into "Christ's Vicar on Earth" with a stroke of his pen, or rather a thrust of his bayonet. Fesch, once installed, turned his red hat to good account, flourished as a picture dealer, was a successful trader in decayed Titians and supposed fragments of Julio Romano, made a vast quantity of money, and died, among the richest of the Roman accumulators, in his 76th year. Caroline Buonaparte was of finer clay; she had something of the genius of her extraordinary brother, the most extraordinary of men for the last thousand years. She had a strong resemblance to

the classic features of his powerful countenance. She was handsome and haughty, with the Italian fineness, and something of the Corsican fierceness. She was born for an Italian crown; but she was ill matched in a husband—for Murat, though a hero, was a fool; and though matchless at the head of ten thousand cavalry, was childish on a throne. If Napoleon had made Caroline sole sovereign of Naples, and given her Murat as the commander-in-chief of her troops, Murat would not have died a felon's death in a Calabrian riot; and Caroline would have worn the diadem of the two Sicilies till it was placed on her coffin. She died at 58.

In this month also, the heir to the Russian throne visited England. He had been long on the point of coming, but was kept back by orders from St. Petersburg, where men seem to eat and drink by diplomacy, and where political intrigue is perpetually "seeking what it may devour." The Grand Duke at last came, ran round the public sights, visited Windsor, where he was thrown into the back-ground, like every body else, by the diligent fascinations of Lord Melbourne; visited Buckingham Palace, where, also, he was thrown into the back-ground by the diligent fascinations of the same Lord Melbourne; and not admiring the honour of riding in the rear of the Court procession, nor feeling any kind of pleasure in being neglected for the Cobourg tribe who haunt the presence of royalty, he took his departure, saying that he was charmed with all England—with one prodigious exception. He must have had an unlucky story to tell of our life, high and low. He found the Palace in the distraction of the affair of Lady Flora Hastings, and the whole army of chambermaids in full commotion; virulence and vindication in every corner; noble ladies on all sides playing the spy and inquisitor, and noble lords scribbling to the newspapers; the superannuated graces of the Premier paramount, and the whole circle of Court menialism kissing his toe with papal adoration;—in political life, Popery playing its grossest tricks on this side of the water, and its bloodiest in Ireland;—in the Cabinet, a junta of clerks—utterly incapable of originating anything, of executing anything, or of supporting anything—staggering from measure to measure, leaning first on one faction and then on another, thinking only how the hour may be got over, and satisfied with bearing the scourge of all men, if they are only suffered to eat, drink, and be merry for the day.

IN JUNE, died one of the most remarkable men of his time, and, beyond all comparison, the most remarkable of his country for the last two centuries, the Sultan Mahmoud, in his 54th year, and the 31st of his reign. With all the daring qualities of the old Sultans, he com-

bined the respect of European civilization, which they had felt only in the form of national hostility. His life was an unwearied and bold effort to strengthen his empire by the means which, in European hands, had hitherto brought it to the verge of ruin. But barbarism is inherent in the Turcoman blood; and he could conceive no more secure expedient against the power of the Janizaries than their extermination. His means were as daring as his purpose was desperate. The Janizaries were massacred, after a long and ferocious struggle, in the streets of Constantinople; and the Sultan was at last master of his own throne. But all great transitions are dangerous in a State. He crushed the Janizaries, but their grave left an opening in his empire. He broke down the spirit of the feudal lords of Asia Minor, but with it he exhausted the source which once poured a perpetual torrent of wild strength into the national armies. The Janizary and the Spahi both, once the terror of Europe, perished together; and if ever sovereign, by premature reforms, opened the way to his enemies, Mahmoud's hot passion for change levelled the high-way for the Russian march to Constantinople. He died, worn out by the anxieties of European diplomacy, distracted by the endless perplexities of his Government, and by the hazards of a war with the Egyptian Viceroy. His breath was fortunately extinct before he heard of the fatal battle in Syria, where his army was totally routed by Ibrahim Pacha, and his empire left to be torn asunder by the Egyptian and the Russian, or to be preserved in a precarious guardianship only by the mutual jealousies of the European Powers. But those were the errors of native ignorance, acting on Royal inexperience—they left Mahmoud all the praise of masculine intrepidity, indefatigable perseverance, and the most magnificent ambition—the ambition of raising a fallen country, of giving a new character to a degenerate people, and of renovating the genius of Asia by the arts, the sciences, and the polity of the European world.

On the 17th of SEPTEMBER, died a hero,

one of the pupils and the favourite of the great Nelson, Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, in his 71st year. He was worthy of the school in which he had been reared, intelligent and intrepid; one of the noble legacies which the greatest warrior of the seas bequeathed to his country. If the last triumph of Nelson had not extinguished the naval war, Hardy might have been the successor of his fame as well as of his valour. He died Governor of Greenwich Hospital—the honourable retreat designed for the veterans of the British navy; but, now, that we have no navy, appropriated to the reward of successful electioneering, and the art of being a hero without ever seeing a shot fired. On Sir Thomas's death, a miniature of Nelson was found on his bosom; he had kept it there unknown, and kept it for three-and-thirty years.

In OCTOBER, news arrived of the death of Lord Brougham. In the first alarm, various reasons were assigned; that he had fallen into a stupor in consequence of reading one of Bab. Maccauley's most animated speeches—that he had been blown up by a Welch volcano—that he had been discovered in a state of cachinnatory strangulation with the newspaper in his hand, detailing Lord Melbourne's reception by the populace—and finally, that he was dashed to pieces with Mr. Frost, Bill Soames, Joseph Parkes, and several other persons of distinction, by a fall from a one-horse chaise; the foot of the horse having opened his Lordship's cerebellum, from which were extracted half-a-dozen proof sheets of the forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and a small hard-bound volume on "Natural Theology," of which it was impossible for any man to read a page. But the next day set the public at ease. His Lordship was declared to be as little fractured in the skull as ever; the whole was said to be what is vulgarly called a hoax, and the only thing which threw discredit on the report was a letter from the illustrious subject himself, most positively denying that he had any tumble whatever, since he tumbled out of the Cabinet!

EXTRACTS

FROM POLITICAL ARTICLES WHICH HAVE RECENTLY APPEARED IN "THE BRITANNIA."

THE CAREER OF THE MINISTRY has been a continual loss of public support. Beginning at the top of the tide roused by the hurricane of the Reform Bill, they have found it slipping away from them moment by moment. The sword did not hang over the head of the Sicilian parasite by a slenderer thread, than it now hangs over the head of the Cabinet. It hangs not even by a thread, but by an icicle; a breath would dissolve it, and that breath from the lips of a woman.

ROYAL FAVOURITISM.—It has been the wise principle of the Constitution to pronounce that the Monarch can do no wrong, and the salutary custom of the country to act upon that principle. But neither the principle nor the custom can give a mortal attribute of a Divinity; and personal perfection in a Sovereign

can only be the language of hypocrites who profit by their sycophancy, or slaves who are too base for freedom. The Right Divine assumed by the James's has long since been forgotten, and could never have existed, but to madden a Monarch or ruin a country. The true reading of the Constitution is, that the Sovereign is incapable of erring against the State in his own person, simply because he is incapable of acting by himself. But his instruments are punishable, and if the nation sees the Sovereign only through his Ministers, that Sovereign should see his Ministers only through their services to the country. England abhors royal favouritism; the Constitution abjures it; and the history of the nation records it, only to show its calamities to the Sovereign, the individuals, and the kingdom.

P O E T R Y.

BRITANNIA.

Beglorious! thou Queen of the Ocean. Oh, ne'er
 May the rose on thy helmet of silver be pale,
 Nor faint be the arm that uplifts thy bright spear,
 Nor thy banner be rent on the field or the gale.
 For ne'er was that banner to Europe unroll'd;
 But for nature insulted, or freedom betray'd;
 And ne'er to the battle it summon'd the bold,
 But to throw round the injured the pride of its shade.

Rejoice, thou lone mourner—rejoice, thou pale
 slave,
 When the light of her spear flashes broad on thine
 eye!

'Tis a star on the tempest, a beam on the wave,
 To tell thee the morn of thy freedom is nigh.
 On rushes her host, swift, resistless, and grand,
 Like a thunder-cloud rolled on the wings of the
 wind,

To wither the guilty, to chasten the land,
 But leave, like its shower, a rich blessing behind.

Like the spirit of vengeance the Russian beheld
 The sweep of that flag on his dungeon-crown'd
 shore;

The grasp of the robber of Poland was quelled,
 The Ottoman rose from the field of his gore.
 Then France struck her fangs in the world like a
 fiend,

And tore its pale kingdoms with stings like her
 own;
 But thy flag, glorious England, was raised for
 mankind,
 And thy cannon proclaimed, "Live again," and
 'twas done.

But now all is darkness, all slumber and shame!
 And France is the threatener, and Russia the foe;
 The Lion whose roar shook the nations is tame,
 The star that once flashed on the tempest is low.
 When menials are masters, and sufferance is sway,
 When the slaves of the slaves of the priest rule
 the age,
 Build the tomb, 'tis the place for a nation's decay.
 Blot, History, blot the dark hour from thy page.

Still, Britain, thy daughters are fair as the smile
 That crimson the West on thy sweet summer
 shore,

And stern and majestic thy sons, thou proud isle,
 As the billow that swells to thy winter's wild
 roar.

Then, Island of Beauty, then, Queen of the Wave,
 Think, think of thy fame, be thy standard unfurl'd,
 Send to triumph the warriors who triumph to save,
 And be England once more sword and shield of
 the world. HAVAIL.

ALGIERS.

Lovely the summer sunbeams glance
 On thy rich valleys, queenly France;
 In golden plenty o'er the land
 Empurpled Autumn waves his wand—
 And dost thou long for more?
 The glorious soil, the sapphire sea,
 Are they not all enough for thee?
 And must thou madly cross the main,
 To shed thine own red blood like rain,
 And blast the stranger's shore?

Brilliant alike in arts and arms,
 In warrior's fame, and woman's charms!
 Is not thy fiend of glory laid?
 Must thou begin thine old crusade?
 Are not thy laurels won?

Hast thou not learned to hate the toil,
 The wasted blood, the worthless spoil?
 Still must thou on the tempest ride,
 Still roll the battle's sulphurous tide,
 Still love to be undone?

War slumbers in a weary world,
 Ambition's shattered flag is furl'd,
 No more the shell at midnight springs,
 Man is no more the sport of Kings,
 Yet thou must rouse the game.
 Death in the path before thee stands—
 Aye, scourge the ocean, chain the sands,
 Bind up the tempest in its cave,
 Then make the Bedouin thy slave,
 Thou'lt find him living flame!

Algiers is thine—thine, wall and tower,
 Far as thy cannon's iron shower;—
 To step beyond it is to die!
 There glares the Arab's panther-eye,
 There shakes his lance of reed.
 Charge! ye as well might charge the clouds,
 Like spectres rushing in their shrouds,
 They vanish in the desert's gloom!
 Yet not less sure shall fill the tomb
 The soldier and his steed.

Aye, pierce the forest, climb the hills,
 No host the broad horizon fills,
 No glittering line, no banner's play,
 No pomp of war's wild holiday;
 But all is grim repose.
 But comes the hour, when day is dim,
 When parched the frame, and faint the limb,
 And o'er the tired battalions sweep
 The wings of Death's twin brother, Sleep—
 Then look ye for your foes!

Then rushes forth the human hive;
 Then the dark desert is alive;
 The Arab from his mountain hold
 Bounds, like the lion, on the fold,
 And all is flame and gore!
 Then, blow for blow, and life for life,
 Plunges the lance, and delves the knife!
 Then showers the rifle's deadly hail,
 Till none return to tell the tale!
 A curse is on the shore.

HAVAIL.

VISCOUNT SPONGE.

Pantagruel.—Ho! whither, *optime rerum*, most long-legged of the Titanic race, runnest thou? By Jupiter, your very shadow halts behind; the sun is out of breath trying to keep up with you; why, man, you will outrun the stars, and live in perpetual twilight!

Gargantua.—Ha, ha, ha! I am about the great business of man, *Doctorum doctissime*. Most sublime of the profound! I am on the point of gaining what Alexander fought the Persians for; what the black-eyed beauty of Egypt, the illustrious Cleopatra, used once a day to renovate her charms—the grand object of all the great, wise, and wealthy of mankind.

Pantagruel.—Why, what is it—the philosopher's stone? is it the grand elixir—interpret *explica*?

Gargantua.—I am running to my dinner.—RABELAIS.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think, that wherever we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that when we are far from the lips that we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.
The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.

MOORE.

Oh, 'tis sweet to think that, wherever we rove,
We are sure of a lodging and capital cheer;
We have only to twaddle some stuff about love,
And tell West-end tales in our landlady's ear;
Now and then cab it up to Whitehall, to get news,
And at night cab it back to "do business and
dine;"
Change our scowl for a smirk, our golashes for
shoes,
And laugh and grow fat on our landlady's wine.

They may call me a toady, a tool, or a slave;
They may call me a tip of the dog-tail of Dan;
But Windsor's the soap that best suits me to shave,
And the plan, of all plans, is the cheap-living
plan.
Nature gave me two talents—a laugh and a leer;
They're enough for a Court, if your fortune you
seek;
Be the chambermaid's darling; let fools have their
sneer,
And you're sure of a dinner seven days in the
week.

In the heyday of life, when I first tried my wits
To pick up my meals, a "young man about
town,"
I, on principle went, where I got the best bits,
Till, in my old age, I put up at "The Crown."
I gave praise for my pudding, philandered the
blues,
Made puns, and escorted old girls to the play.
Sappho asked me to sup—how could Phaon re-
fuse?
So I supped, and thus managed to get through
the day.

Then I turned politician, all bustle and zeal;
But my zeal was no nonsense for country or
king.
I stuck to my maxim—make sure of a meal—
Fill your stomach, and then let the world take
its swing.
I first fawned on Bill Pitt, but I soon cut him
dead;
He was clever—but sipped all his vintage alone.
What is honour to beggars, unless they are fed?
And your spaniel will run where he picks the
best bone.

Then, as Wellesley was going to Ireland—for
what?
By my grandmother's whiskers, I never could
tell—
I scented his larder, and followed full trot,
For virtue, all know, is the art to live well.
So we twaddled together, together took snuff,
Together wrote sonnets, together had gout;
Together drew pay, and 'twas labour enough,
Till, oh fatal day! we were both trundled out.

Now I twaddle and dawdle, and live at free cost;
I lounge on the rug, like a lap-dog, all day;
What care I if a fleet or an empire is lost?
I have my full meal, and I draw my full pay.
What care I, if I'm hooted, and hated, and hissed!
I was born, thank my stars, with a flexible
spine;
If I'm kicked out to-night, in to-morrow I'll
twist.
No mortal shall ever see sixpence of mine.

Z.

THE CARLIST.

"En la funesta guerra
De mi memoria.
Solo podra el olvido
Lograr victoria."

The hour is come, the anchor weighed,
And bright and blue the main;
Farewell, with all your sun and shade,
Ye glorious hills of Spain.
Away, my tears; in vain ye swell;
Joy to the hour I say—Farewell!

Welcome thou bold and battling gale,
I love thy honest roar;
Aye, hoist on every mast the sail
That sweeps me from the shore.
Thou perjured land, from court to cell!
Land of the traitor!—Spain—Farewell!

Sword of my sires, now sleep in rust,
 Thou never shalt be stained ;
 Heart of their son, be like their dust
 Before thou shalt be chained.
 No tongue shall ever live to tell
 I died a slave. Farewell—farewell !

I led my bold Biscayan troop
 To battle for my King ;
 The eagles in their mountain swoop
 Not keener on the wing.
 Where are they now ? Their spirits dwell
 In shame and sorrow. All—Farewell !

Around our rightful King we stood,
 On mountain and on plain ;
 In torrents shed our glowing blood,
 And long'd to shed again.

Ye storms, the traitor's memory yell ;
 Curse on the ground he treads !—Farewell.

Before me lies the world of waves ;
 I go—I ask not where ;
 At least the surges are not slaves !
 A broken heart ye bear.
 The love of life has lost its spell ;—
 The grave at least is calm.—Farewell.

Turn, helmsman, turn ! or east or west—
 I care not to what shore ;
 The farthest from my own is best ;—
 My country is no more.
 Her honour was her citadel :
 'Tis stormed, crushed, mouldered. Spain—
 farewell !
 HAVALI.

THE CONVENT.

“I was at Palermo, when a daughter of one of the noblest families of the island signified her intention of taking the veil. Her family were averse to the choice, which, of late years, is beginning to lose its favour in the public eye. However, I was invited to the ceremony. As all the world knows, this is a sort of especial triumph of the church, and is solemnized with all possible pomp. The young devotee would have been handsome anywhere, but among the Palermitan women, whose chief beauty consists in a pair of brilliant eyes, she was quite an angel. There was a vast deal of sobbing and singing, and the veil was about to descend upon the head of the handsomest of nuns, when a young officer, in the uniform of the Royal Italian Chasseurs, pushed his way through the crowd, and stoutly forbade the bans. All was confusion for the moment, and an attempt was made to carry the lady back to her cell ; but she had, by this time, got her arms round the chasseur, or he his round her—it is much the same—and they swore to live or die together. The priests shrugged up their shoulders, the nuns shrieked, the sentimental among the spectators were in tears or hysterics, and the populace huzzaed.—I was invited to their wedding in a fortnight after. The affair had been a lover's quarrel, on which the lady abjured the world, and forsook the light of day ; the lover flew to his regiment in Calabria, in the hope of being shot in the first rencontre with the banditti. The intelligence of the ceremony brought him back, and the pair of penitents settled their quarrel at first sight in the critical moment.”—*From the MS. of a Sicilian Tourist.*

I.

OPEN, ye gates of peace ! Behold the bride !
 In blushes come to pledge her virgin vow !
 Oh ! not with mortal thoughts those cheeks are
 dyed,
 Those splendid eyes not touched with mortal
 woe.
 Her's are the thoughts that light the seraph's
 glow,
 When, spreading on the cloud his star-dropt
 wing,
 He gives the music of his soul to flow
 From the rich trumpet or the golden string,
 Rising, like incense-flame, before his glorious
 KING.

II.

Stay, vestal, stay. Oh ! wouldst thou court the
 sting
 Of hope deferred ? Then come, and court it
 here.
 Seekst thou the dreams that from the torn heart
 spring,
 Like spectres from the tomb, all dim and
 drear ?
 Wouldst thou life's long, slow, sickening bur-
 then bear ;
 Feel passion's restless, hopeless, burning tide,
 And flee for refuge only to despair ?
 Come here ; our gates of darkness open wide—
 Come, Convent, grasp thy prey—come, Sorrow,
 claim thy bride !

III.

Come, Vestal, come to peace, to prayer and
 praise,
 Shrink from the dangers of a mortal love,
 Turn from earth's flowery, but too fatal, ways,
 And fix thy treasures and thy heart above ;
 Gaze upwards ; see the world's dim clouds re-
 move,
 Hear the high anthems of the choirs of
 Heaven ;
 See stooping on thy head the silver Dove !
 See life, a sea before the tempest driven,
 And leave a weary world, forgiving and forgiven.

IV.

Stay, Vestal, stay. Fling down the hated veil ;
 That form of love was never made for pain ;
 Leave to the hypocrite the midnight wail,
 Has nature built the convent, forged the
 chain ?
 Has she forbade the rose's crimson stain ?
 Or the sweet bird its revel in the sun ?
 Then has she made thy beauty all in vain !
 Leave thy dark raptures to the monk and
 nun,
 Come to thy lover's arms and feel thy life begun.
 HAVALI.

LITERATURE.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,

(Written exclusively for "The Britannia").

THE LITTLE FISHMONGER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PEOPLE who live amid the hurry and bustle of large cities are seldom able to study the various shades of human character, like those who, having fewer objects to divert their attention, have also more time to observe. In great cities people come and go—you do not meet the same face perhaps more than once a-year—and then, except that time may have underlined the stronger features—the face is dressed exactly in the same manner—the same smile—the same expression, whether it be born of pain or pleasure—and, it may be, the same phrase is repeated, either in the way of question or reply; for those "greetings in the marketplace" are all generally alike. In the busy world your sympathies have no time to take root—the wheel revolves—the kalediscscope is shaken—you forget and are forgotten—the more wide your field of observation, the less leisure you have to observe—and though you have a moral certainty that every creature you meet has a distinct and positive character of his or her own, they dwell in your memory only as black, brown, or fair! There is the little Fishmonger, for instance, who lives with his small fry of children in that little bleak lonely cottage near the canal. I have passed that man scores of times—hear his voice in the distance every morning of my life—know the names of every one of his children; and even of his little ugly cur dog, Tickle—a mis-shapen, blear-eyed, cross-grained brute, as ever infested a high-road or narrow lane, and whom every cat in the village, acting upon the combination system, sets up her back at, be she at the street-door, or staring with her great green eyes out of the first-floor window. I thought I knew the character of the little Fishmonger, whose very name of Job was given, it would seem, in derision and defiance of every rule of Christian patience, for Tickle and Job are well matched. What the dog is, that is the master—and what the master is, that is the dog. Job is as lame upon his two legs as his canine follower is upon double the number—as ready to snarl and growl, and quarrel with the mistresses of the various cats, as the cats are with Tickle; in fact, the little Fishmonger's approach is the signal for a sort of running fire from cottage to cottage; every one quarrels with Job, every one buys from Job—for his fish is good, and he lays it nicely out upon a snow-white cloth, and covers it with fresh-cut grass. He is, of course, a violent Radical, and was still more so; but, at a beer shop where politics are talked over, regularly and strongly, some one told Job that a new prerogative was to be given to mankind under the title of Socialism, which bestowed more liberty than Radicals, or even Chartists, had ever dreamed of before; inasmuch as men were to exchange wives, and wives husbands, at pleasure. Job presupposed a case—and, which (considering how ill he had often treated his kind, gentle, and still pretty Mary) was very natural—he supposed that if Mary pleaded incompatibility of temper, and took unto herself another husband, what was to become of him, the three young Jobs, and Tickle. Job went home that night a silent

man—did not visit the beer shop the following night—hinted that he thought things were going too far—and that, perhaps, he might join the Temperance Society.

Still Job has not foresworn his opinions; and, if any of his village customers, with the charitable intent of irritating the little *Fishmonger*, ask him what he is, he says, "What I always was," in a tone that effectually silences any further inquiry, at least for the time. Job has, I believe, no friends; the gentle, patient creature who shares his toils and bears with his temper, seems as much in awe of him as any one else, and his children skulk out of the sunshine and into the shade when they hear his footstep. He has now three little children—eighteen months ago he had six, but the scarlet fever carried off three in one week; the little coffins, covered with decent black, left Job's lonely bleak cottage in the snow of a December morning; the coffins were placed upon a hand-barrow, the undertaker supporting the front handles, and a kind neighbour bringing up the rear; while Job followed with his dog and his weeping wife. Very sad, indeed, the humble procession looked, so desperately dark upon the silver snow; but Job shed no tear, nor even thanked his neighbours who attended; if he felt, the iron of his stern-built frame suppressed the emotion. Of all men in the parish, Job has long been instanced as the most hard—the most severe—the most unyielding—but honest and true. His word was never doubted, nor his honesty questioned. He is, in short, a character over whom circumstances have no influence—he never moved his seal-skin cap in his life to any of the powers that be—he never went to see a sight but one, and that was a huge sturgeon, exhibited in Hungerford-market three years ago—and then said, "he was a great fool, for it was nothing but a big fish after all." He never laughed, nor cried,—except "Fine haddock and live sole," or "lobsters,"—with variations peculiarly his own, laying a long, strong emphasis upon the word "Lob-bb;" and ascending by thirds into "sta-hi-hi-ers,"—and, strange as it may seem, the cry was by no means unmusical. "You cry lobsters very pleasantly, my mistress says," said the cook to him one day as he was not *shouldering*, but, if I may be permitted to coin a word, "*heading*" his lobsters. "Does she?" quoth he, jerking the basket on his head,—"*Eagh!* it doesn't much matter—my cry's my own—and I shouldn't change it."

Still, notwithstanding his ungraciousness, Job felt the compliment, for he always stops at the corner, and gives the "Sta-hi-hi-ers," with as perfect melody as possible, and then jerks the basket, as much as to say—"I know I did that well." Now, would any suppose from what I have said of the little Fishmonger, that there was a tender chord in his bosom, which reverberated as gently as the tones of an Eolian harp, if breathed over by the evening breeze—he who had followed three children to the same grave without a tear—who had uniformly treated his

wife harshly—who was the bugbear of the neighbourhood—who was disliked by every housekeeper who bought his fish—whose surliness was a by-word—who often ill-used the ill-favoured but most faithful cur that trotted at his feet; even Job had a tender morsel in his ossified heart;—and thus I know it.

There is an immensity of privation endured by the lower classes. As an Irishwoman, I see it less than others, because the peasantry of my own country suffer and bear so much more. Still there is a great deal, even in neighbourhoods where the rich spend much time, and more money, in visiting and relieving the distresses of their humble fellow-creatures. Somehow, no one liked to visit Job; although it was observed, and being observed, talked about, that Job carried herrings instead of haddocks, and shrimps instead of lobsters—that his cheek was less ruddy, and that poor Tickle not only eyed the butcher's shop, but absolutely purloined a bone, for which he was soundly thrashed by his master. Mrs. Job was not met going to market as of old, and when questioned said, "she bought at night." Just when things looked "*suspicious of poverty*," Job fell and broke his arm; his pale pretty wife hawked the fish about for a time—and sad it was to hear her low, gentle voice roused to the energy of a cry, in the cold winter's mornings. People bought from her though they did not want, for every one liked her. One of the ladies of our district committee met Mary and offered her assistance, which she thankfully accepted, and the same lady called at the cottage to repeat the gift; Job was unfortunately at home alone, and to the kind question of "Can I be of any use to you?" answered a gruff "No!" that offended a kind, but warm-tempered visitor.

A pebble will sometimes turn the current of sweet charity.

Job got better—well, the people said; but even the small stock of herrings dwindled into half a basket of sprats.

"Job," inquired a cottager's wife—"Job, will you warrant these sprats?"

"No!" roared the little Fishmonger; and off he went, followed by the hairy shadow of what had been Tickle.

The question was repeated once and twice. Job had been imposed on, but was too honest to impose upon others.

"No," he vociferated for the last time; "and I'll carry them no longer," and he threw the sprats into the nearest ditch.

Lonely as his cottage had always been, it was more lonely than ever. The bed and bedstead, the chest of drawers, the clock, whose stroke had marked the hour each child was born, and whose iron tongue had knelled the time of the departure of three from a world of trouble—all were gone. His wife and children were cowering over the ashes of a miserable fire, looking into the embers, with hungry eyes, that did not dare to look into the face of him whose harshness but increased their misery; when Job strode into what had been their bed-room, and locked the door; in a corner stood, or rather lay, a box covered with dust—he opened it, and brought forth an old violin.

Rizzio himself, in the presence of Mary, never touched a harp with more tenderness than Job, when he drew the dusty bow over the two last strings of his long-cherished instrument.

"Hush!" whispered his wife to her eldest living child. "Hush!" and then she burst into tears, while the youngest starveling said, with blue and quivering lips, "Mammy, shall I dance?—daddy never played music till now, since brothers died!"

Job came out after a time—the violin and bow

had been carefully dusted and replaced in the box, which the little Fishmonger carried under his arm.

"Job!" exclaimed his wife, "you are not going to sell that, are you? Job, you have often said you would die to part with it; you've had it seven-and-twenty years.—Oh! Job, the only times you've been kind to us, was when you played it—it softened your heart like—it was a friend to us. I thought the time might come when you'd play it again."

Job made no answer, but quitted the cottage.

The little Fishmonger proceeded on his way, but not rejoicing. Any one who observed his firm and dogged step, his bent head, and the determined gathering together of his entire frame, could perceive that he was resolved to go through whatever he had undertaken, and that the undertaking was (to him) of consequence. We are all too apt in this hastily-judging world—we are all, I say, too apt, according to the old proverb, to measure our neighbour's corn in our own bushel—to fancy our own privation great, and our neighbour's small—to think, if the peasant-girl place a field-flower in her hair, that she trenches on our prerogative—indulges in a superfluity. But I must finish my story, and cease moralising. The little Fishmonger plodded on to the beer-shop, where he had first heard of the advantages of Socialism. "If," he thought within himself "these people wish us all to share and share alike, surely they will take a shilling chance in a raffle for my poor violin."

Job entered the room. One fellow, the orator of the party, was making a speech, while another, acting on the principle of equal right to be heard, was singing a song. It was evident there did not exist amongst them even the rude courtesy that is shown by one labourer to another; each wanted to be first; none would be last. Some took the part of the orator, others of the singer, and the little Fishmonger, pressing his treasure more closely to his side, squeezed himself into a vacant seat, and waited the issue, or rather waited for a pause in the contest, that he might propose a plan, which was to save his children from immediate starvation, and deprive him for ever of his cherished instrument; he was right glad of the tumult—for it seemed to diminish that which raged in his own bosom—pride and independence had been tugging at his heart—and when, for a moment, he closed his eyes, to shut himself in, as it were, with his own considerations, his wife's ghastly face, and the blue quivering lips of his youngest born, rose before him. This forced him into action, much against his sullen nature, and, to the astonishment of the "company," he sprang upon the table, and, in a voice hoarse with unusual emotion, declared his desire to dispose of the cherished treasure of his soul by raffle, charging a shilling for each chance. There was an immediate desire to see the instrument.

"Shillin' a piece for that 'un!" exclaimed a coal-heaver—"vy, I wouldn't give y'e a shillin for the whole—box and all."

"Play on the two strings, Job; let's hear the music," said another, sneeringly.

Job looked as though he could have knocked the speaker down.

"John Cummins," quoth the pot-boy, "sold a gayer looking one than that, last week, for five bob and a pint of purl."

"I tell you what, Job," said the butcher, who had often declared that, but for Job's fish, he could sell more meat, and consequently did not regard him with particular favour, "put it up at a silver fourpence a chance, and I'll begin by taking three;" and he struck the table with his fist, and looked round, as well as to say, "I have made a liberal offer."

"Too liberal!" exclaimed another; "the whole concern ain't worth it."

"If it was not worth it," answered Job, sturdily, "I should not bring it to be raffled for, though God knows, I—!" the little Fishmonger was about to make a confession of his poverty, but he could not, and quietly stepped down off the table.

"God knows what?" inquired the butcher.

"All things," was the laconic reply, as he prepared to quit the house.

"Holloa!" said the landlord, "won't you stand anything?"

"No," shouted Job—"There y'e are all of y'e, pretending to more liberality than the rest of the world—and—but no matter—God knows all things." He rushed from the house, and walked towards town; the consciousness that he had acted too hastily pressed him still more deeply into misery; and now, when no eye was there to bear witness against him, heavy and bitter tears coursed each other down the rough furrows in his cheeks; he came to the bridge which is thrown across the canal—twilight had deepened into night, and the young moon threw a line of silver light upon its waters, that seemed a peaceful and secret bed for those whom earth rejects from her cares and sympathies. He laid the box on the wall, and leaning his arms upon the parapet, looking down upon the deep and narrow channel.

"If I was out of the way," he thought, "the neighbours would all look to Mary and the children; it's me they can't bear; but no one ever could bear me but poor Mary! After all, it's a dirty way of ending one's days; all mud, and not a good fish from one end to the other of it. So near home, too!"—and after a lengthened pause, having, as it would seem, changed his purpose, he took up the box, and proceeded along the back road across the fields, passed Earl's-court, until he came to a lane where the Eagle Saw-mills exult in noise and smoke, through Thistle-grove, that *olla podria* of suburban architecture, across the Fulham-road, down Milman's-row—and there flowed the Thames. Apparently the poor fellow had resolved to throw himself off Battersea-bridge, but, on presenting himself at the toll-house, the man demanded a halfpenny. Alas! he had it not.

"Are you coming back?" asked the keeper.

"No," muttered Job; "I hope not."

"Because, if you were, you might leave that box in pledge," observed the man.

The little Fishmonger paused. "Well, I will," he answered.

"Stay," persisted the guardian of the bridge; "let me first see its contents."

Job stood half under the shed, and opened it.

"Why," he exclaimed, looking down on the venerable instrument, "it ain't worth a halfpenny!"

"Yes it is," said a voice behind them. Both men were surprised, but the keeper touched his hat, for the new comer was an eccentric but well-known character, residing not quite half a mile on the Surrey side of the venerable bridge.

"Let me look at that instrument," said the gentleman.

Job placed it in his hands without speaking, but fixed upon his countenance the earnest,

anxious look of one whose life depended upon his decision.

The gentleman turned it over, tapped it gently with his knuckle to ascertain if it was sound, peeped into the interior, again turned it over, smiled, and looked at the little Fishmonger, while taking the bow he held towards him.

"The bow is new—that is to say, new compared to the other," observed Job. "It's a good bow."

"Psha!" said the old gentleman, returning it.

"I bought it myself," added Job, rather offended.

"And the violin?"

"Ah! my father had it of an old Italian gentleman, who died suddenly—his things were sold by the landlady—and having a turn for music, he took it in part for wages due;—he used to play on it to me when I was a child, to dance to it—to dance! God help me!"

There was a world of misery in the sound of that last sentence—"To dance! God help me!" But the old gentleman did not heed it.

"And you will sell it?"

The little Fishmonger was a chapman; but still he had suffered too much of prolonged sorrow during the past days—too much of intense agony during the last few hours—to think of his craft—and he eagerly answered, "Yes!"

"Before you tell me your price," said the gentleman, "let me ask you if you know what it is?"

"Ohugh!" grumbled Job; to be sure I do—it's a fiddle."

"Ah!" said the stranger, drawing out his purse; "what do you want for it?"

"I would not part with it if I could help it—no money can pay me for it; but many that heard it said it was *prime*; perhaps—thirty shillings—"

"For that!" exclaimed the toll-keeper, contemptuously.

The gentleman emptied his purse into Job's hand—one, two, three, four, five golden sovereigns, and placing his card upon them, said—"Call upon me to-morrow, and you shall have the full value of your instrument."

He then buttoned it up carefully, as if it had been an infant, inside his cloak, and departed with the air of a man who had obtained his heart's desire. Job was for a moment as one palsied, but perceiving the stranger had forgotten the bow, he seized it, and ran after him.

"It is of no value," said the gentleman; "call on me to-morrow at twelve."

What Job received beyond the five guineas, I do not know—but this is upon record—that the gentleman, a distinguished musical amateur, now boasts of the possession of a *real* Cremona; and the little Fishmonger has declared his intention of taking a shop in Victoria-road, and commencing business in a first-rate way.

He has engaged a man to carry his basket—Mary goes to market by day-light—and Tickle has grown so fat as to have lost much of his disposition towards worrying cats. Job also is decidedly better tempered, and absolutely laughs when he cries "Lob-bb-stairs" at the corner. Prosperity has extracted much acid from his nature, and though the expression of his countenance remains the same, there is the evidence of a better spirit in the tones of his voice. In short, prosperity has improved our little Fishmonger.

THE ARTIST.

Yet, perambulating the streets night and day, are men—young men—whose souls are filled with all that is beautiful in nature or exquisite in art. Would you know them, seek for the threadbare coat and spare form that tell of want—the furrowed brow that speaks of care, and the pale cheek that reveals days spent in anxiety and nights in toil. Watch for the slow step, the eye fixed on the earth, and the look that tells of complete abstraction. They have no feelings in common with the crowd that hurries past them. In the morning, when the stream of life is flowing into the metropolis, they are seen walking towards the country: at mid-day, when London appears but one vast mart for the transaction of business, and all is bustle and bargaining, you may behold them idly ascending the steps of St. Paul's to gaze upon its splendid dome, or passing through the abbey gate at Poet's Corner to contemplate the noble monuments raised to the memory of the sons of genius, or entering some of the galleries or museums, whose doors are open to all, that they may again and again gaze on the creations of the great masters, whose glorious works, like their names, seem destined for immortality. This is the only delight or relaxation the "Artist" knows; the view overcomes his despondency, inspires him with renewed hope, and fires him with fresh ardour. The present to him is then nothing, and he revels in the thoughts of a golden future. He has known privation, distress, and disappointment; but he will not yet resign the faith that the mind

possesses within itself the power to shape its own career and to overcome all difficulties;—that the determination, of which he feels possessed, will not overcome the obstacles which the dull cold world has ever cast in the path of the aspirant for fame. He recounts the names of all those who have struggled like himself, and become since, the wonder and admiration of the universe; but for the one who has successfully contended with the current, he reflects not on the thousands whom it has swept away. He sees a few of the world's idols, and glories in the trophies they have won, but thinks not of those who have worn away their lives in fruitless effort—whose years have passed away alternating between the feverish tremblings of hope deferred and the keen shock of utter disappointment—who, having passed days without food and nights without sleep, have yet taught their fingers to wield the chisel or guide the brush, until the mind or frame has sunk prostrate and dead, and the light of reason or the breath of life has fled for ever. Withering beneath the world's unjust neglect, or branded with its contempt, these die unnoticed, their fate and their grave too obscure even to emit a warning voice. It may be that this is best;—that those who are struggling now, like those who have struggled in times past, should buy experience, though life itself be the price; for else, high desires might perish from amongst us, and Art have no votaries.—*Extracted from a Literary Sketch in the Britannia,*

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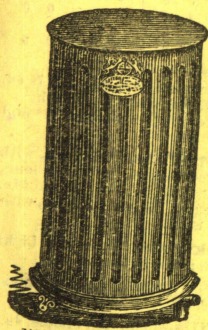
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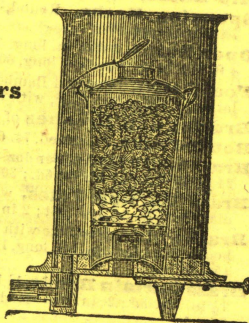
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Table Candlesticks, 8 in. 3s. per pair; 9 in. 4s. 6d.; 10 in. 7s. 6d. Chamber Candlesticks with Extinguishers, 2s. each.

Ditto with Gadroon Edges, complete with Snuffers and Extinguisher, 4s. each.

Britannia Metal Hot Water Dishes, with wells for gravy, and gadroon edges, 16 inches long, 30s.; 18 in., 36s.; 20 in., 43s.; 22 in., 51s.; 24 in., 57s. Hot Water Plates, 6s. 6d. each. Black Tin ditto, with loose earthen tops, 2s. 3d. each.

Reading Candlesticks, with Shade and Light to slide, one light, 5s. 6d.; two lights, 7s. 6d.

Etnas, for boiling a Pint of Water in three minutes, 3s. each; larger size, 4s. each.

Coffee and Pepper Mills, small, 3s.; middle, 4s.; large, 4s. 6d. Ditto, to fix, small, 4s. 6d.; middle, 5s. 6d.; large, 6s. 6d.

Iron Digesters, for making Soup, to hold 2 galls. 7s.; 3 galls. 9s. 6d.; 4 galls. 13s.

Tea Urns, Globe shape, to hold four quarts, 27s. each. Modern Shapes, 45s. to 60s. each.

Improved Wove Wire Gauze Window Blinds, in mahogany frames, made to any size, and painted to any shade of colour, 2s. 3d. per square foot. Ornamenting with shaded lines, 1s. 6d. each blind.

Ditto, with lines and corner ornaments, 3s. each blind. Old Blind Frames filled with new wire, and painted any colour, at 1s. 4d. per square foot.

Servants' Wire Lanterns, Open Tops, with Doors, 1s. 6d. each. Closed Tops, with Doors, 2s.

Rush Safes, Open Tops, 2s. 3d. each. Closed Tops, with Doors, 2s. 9d. each.

Fire Guards, painted Green, with Dome Tops, 14 in. 1s. 6d.; 16 in. 1s. 9d.; 18 in. 2s. 3d. Brass Wire, 6s., 6s. 6d., and 7s. 6d.

Family Weighing Machines, or Balances, complete, with weights from ¼ oz. to 14lbs., 26s.

Ditto Patent Spring Weighing Machines, which do not require weights, 6s. 6d. to 22s.

Superior TABLE CUTLERY.

Every Knife and Fork warranted Steel, and exchanged if not found good.

	Table Knives, per doz.	Table Forks, per doz.	Dessert Knives, per doz.	Dessert Forks, per doz.	Carvers, per pair.	The set of 50 pieces.
3½-inch Octagon Ivory Handles, with Rimmed Shoulders...	14s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	4s. 6d.	£2 0s. 0d
The same size to balance	16 0	8 0	14 0	7 0	5 6	2 10 0
3½-inch Octagon Ivory Handles, with Rimmed Shoulders...	18 0	9 0	15 0	7 0	6 0	2 15 0
The same size to balance	21 0	10 6	16 0	8 0	7 6	3 2 6
4-inch Octagon Ivory Balance Handles	28 0	14 0	18 0	9 0	8 6	3 17 6
4-inch ditto, with Waterloo Balance Shoulders	28 0	14 0	18 0	9 0	8 6	3 17 6
White Bone octagon shape Handles	8 8	4 4	6 8	3 4	3 0	1 6 0
Ditto ditto, with Rimmed Shoulders...	11 4	5 8	9 4	4 8	3 6	1 14 6
Black Horn octagon shape Handles	7 4	3 8	6 0	3 0	2 6	1 2 6
Ditto ditto, with Rimmed Shoulders...	11 4	5 8	9 4	4 8	3 6	1 14 6
Very strong Rough Bone Handles	7 4	3 8	6 0	3 0	2 6	1 2 6
Black Wood Handles	5 4	2 8	4 0	2 0	2 0	0 16 0
Oval shape White Bone Handles	6 0	3 0	4 0	2 0	2 0	0 17 0

The Forks priced in the above Scale are all forged Steel. Cast Steel Forks 2s. per doz. less.

DISH COVERS.

Inches long	9	10	11	12	14	16	18	Set of 6.	Set of 7.
The commonest are in sets of the six first sizes, which cannot be separated								£0 6s. 6d.	£0 17s. 0d.
Block Tin	1s. 3d.	1s. 6d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 6d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	0 11 6	0 14 0
Ditto, Anti-Patent shape	1 9	2 0	2 6	3 0	4 0	4 6	8 0	0 16 0	1 4 0
Ditto, O. G. shape	2 0	2 6	3 0	3 6	4 6	6 0	8 6	1 1 0	1 9 6
Ditto, Patent Imperial Silver shape. The Tops raised in one piece, the very best made, except Plated or Silver	3 6	4 0	5 0	6 0	7 6	9 6	11 6	1 15 0	2 5 0
Wove Wire Fly-proof, tin rims, Japanned	...	2 0	...	2 6	3 0	3 6	4 0		

WOVE WIRE MEAT SAFES, warranted fly proof, from 21s. each.

The Frequent ROBBERIES of PLATE

Have induced RIPPON & BURTON to manufacture a SUBSTITUTE for SILVER, possessing all its advantages in point of appearance and durability, at less than one-tenth the cost. Their BRITISH PLATE is of such a superior quality, that it requires the strictest scrutiny to distinguish it from silver, than which it is more durable, every article being made of solid wrought material; it improves with use, and is warranted to stand the test of aquafortis.

BRITISH PLATE.

Fiddle-handle Table Spoons & Forks, per doz. 12s. & 16s. 0	King's Pattern Table Spoons & Forks, per doz. £1 10s. 0
Ditto ditto very strong £1 0 0	Ditto Dessert ditto do... 1 5 0
Ditto Dessert Spoons & Forks 10s. 14s. & 0 16 0	Ditto Tea Spoons..... do... 0 12 0
Ditto Tea Spoons..... 5s., 6s. and 0 8 0	Ditto Gravy ditto..... each 0 7 0
Ditto Gravy Spoons..... each 4s. and 0 5 0	Ditto Fish Knives..... do... 0 11 6
Ditto Salt and Mustard Spoons..... 0 0 6	Ditto Salt and Mustard Spoons..... do... 0 1 3
Ditto Ditto and Ditto, with gilt bowls 0 1 0	Ditto Soup Ladles..... do... 0 13 0
Ditto Sauce Ladles..... 1s. 6d. & 0 2 0	Ditto Sauce Ladles..... do... 0 3 6
Ditto Soup Ladles..... 6s. 6d. & 0 7 6	Ditto Sugar Tongs..... do... 0 3 0
Ditto Fish Knives..... 0 7 0	Table Candlesticks, 6 inches high..... per pair 0 14 0
Ditto Butter Knives..... 0 2 6	Ditto, with gadroon mountings, 8 inches high 0 16 0
Ditto Sugar Bows..... per pair 1s. 0 1 6	Ditto ditto, 9 ditto..... 0 18 0
Ivory handle Fish Knives..... each 0 9 0	Ditto, with shell mountings, 10 ditto..... 1 1 0
Ditto Butter Knives..... 0 2 6	Ditto, Antique Silver Pattern, 10 in. 1 10 0
Pearl handle Ditto..... 0 4 0	Chamber Candlesticks, complete, from..... 0 8 6
Round Waiters, with rich shell mountings and feet, centre elegantly chased, 8 in. diameter 1 0 0	Snuffers, per pair..... from 4s. to 0 8 6
Ditto, ditto, 10 in. ditto... 1 5 0	Snuffer Trays, with gadroon mountings... each 0 5 6
Ditto, ditto, 12 in. ditto... 1 10 0	Handsome modern pattern Teapots, to hold 1 qt. 1 8 0
Ditto, ditto, 16 in. ditto... 2 0 0	Newest Silver Pattern ditto..... 1 15 0
Cruet Frames, with 4 richly cut glasses, shell mountings, and feet..... each 1 8 0	Coffee Pots, Sugar Basins, and Cream Ewers to match. so that the cover will form a dish..... 3 3 0
Ditto, 5 glasses, £1. 15s. Ditto, 7 Glasses..... 2 10 0	Steak Dish and Cover with loose handles, Salt Cellars, richly mounted, gilt insides, per pair 0 12 0
Liquor Frames, with 3 richly cut glasses..... 3 0 0	
Decanter Stands, with shell mountings, per pair 0 16 0	
Bread Basket, richly chased, shell mountings 2 10 0	
Toast Racks..... 0 10 6	
Asparagus Tongs, per pair..... 0 10 6	
Teakettle, ivory handle, stand and spirit lamp 6 0 0	

* * * From the continual accession of fresh Patterns and Articles, this List is necessarily incomplete. The above may however be taken as a criterion of prices, and are always on sale.

FENDERS.

The immense variety which the Show Rooms contain, and the constant change of patterns of Fenders, render it impossible to give the prices of but a small portion of them. The following Scale, however, may be taken as a guide, and the prices generally will be found about 25 per cent. below any other house whatever.

	3 Feet.	3 Feet 3.	3 Feet 6.	3 Feet 9.	4 Feet.
Green, with Brass Top, suitable for Bed Rooms	3s. 0d.	3s. 6d.	4s. 0d.		
All Brass	9 6	10 0	11 0	13s. 0d.	14s. 0d.
Black Iron for Dining Rooms or Libraries	8 0	9 0	10 0	11 0	11 6
Bronzed for ditto	11 0	12 0	13 0	14 0	15 0
Fenders, with bright Steel Tops	13 6	15 0	16 6	17 0	18 0
Ditto, very handsome, with Steel Tops and Steel Bottom Moulding	16 6	17 6	20 0	22 0	24 0
Very rich Pattern, with Scroll Centre, Steel Rod and Steel Ends, for Drawing Rooms (all sizes)	***	***	***	from	50 0
Green painted Wire Nursery Guard Fenders, Brass Tops, 18 in. high	15 0	16 3	17 6	18 9	20 0
Ditto, 24 inches high	18 0	19 6	21 0	22 6	24 0
Iron Kitchen Fenders, with Sliding Bars	4 6	5 0	5 3	5 9	

STOVES.

Inches wide	18	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	34	36
Elliptic or Rumford Stoves, for Bed Rooms	6s. 0d.	6s. 8d.	7s. 4d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 8d.	9s. 4d.	10s. 0d.	-	-	-
Register Stoves of superior patterns	-	-	-	16 0	17 4	18 8	20 0	21s. 4d.	22s. 8d.	24s. 0d.
Register Stoves, fine Cast, 3 feet wide, 2f. 5s., 2f. 10s., and 3f. - Ground Bright Front Register Stoves with Bronzed and Steel Ornaments, and with bright and black bars, 3 feet wide, 4f. 10s., 5f. and 5f. 10s.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Ironing Stoves for Laundries, complete, with Frame and Ash Pan, 1f.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

KITCHEN RANGES.

To fit an opening of.....	2 Ft. 8.	2 Ft. 10.	3 ft.	3 Ft. 2.	3 ft. 4.	3 ft. 6.	4 ft.	4 ft. 4.	5 ft.
With Oven and Boiler	44s.	46s.	48s.						
Self-acting do. with Oven and Boiler, Sliding Check, and Wrought Iron Bars (recommended)				90s.	95s.	100s.	110s.	120s.	140s.

Ranges without Oven or Boiler, and with sliding checks, at 8d. per inch.

Iron Saucepans and Tea Kettles, tinned inside.

	1 pint.	1½ pint.	1 Quart.	3 pint.	2 Quart.	3 Quart.	4 Quart.	6 Quart.	8 Quart.
Iron Saucepan and Cover	0s. 11d.	1s. 1d.	1s. 3d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 9d.	2s. 2d.	2s. 8d.	3s. 6d.	4s. 0d.
Iron Stewpan and Cover	...	...	1 4	1 10	2 3	3 3	4 0	5 6	6 6
Round Iron Tea Kettles	...	...	...	...	2 9	4 3	5 0	7 0	9 0
Oval ditto	...	...	...	...	3 3	4 9	5 6	7 6	9 6

Iron Boiling Pots.

	2½ Gall.	3 Gall.	3½ Gall.	4 Gall.	5 Gall.	6 Gall.
Oval Iron Boiling Pot and Cover, tinned inside	5s. 6d.	6s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	11s. 0d.
Tea Kitchens, or Water Fountains, with Brass Pipe & Cock	13 0	14 0	14 6	16 0	18 6	18 6

	1s. 3d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 9d.	2s. 3d.	2s. 9d.	3s. 3d.	3s. 9d.
TEA TRAYS, good common quality . . .	2 6	3 0	3 6	4 6	5 6	6 0	7 0
Ditto, best common quality . . .	5 6	7 0	8 0	9 6	11 0	12 6	14 0
Ditto, paper shape, black . . .	9 6	11 0	12 6	14 0	15 6	17 0	19 0
Ditto, Gothic paper shape, black . . .							
Bread and Knife Trays, each 9d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. & 2s. 6d.							
Best ditto, Gothic shape, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., & 5s. 6d. each.							
Tea Trays, paper, Gothic shape, in sets of one each of 18, 24, & 30 inches, £3. 10s. Do. Ornamented, £4. 5s.							
Toast Racks, plain black, 1s. 6d. Ornamented, 2s.							
Cheese Trays, 3s., & 3s. 6d.							
Snuffer Trays, 6d., 9d., 1s., 1s. 3d., & 1s. 6d.							
Paper ditto, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s.							
Plate Warmers, upright, Gilt lines, 18s; long shape, 30s.							
Toilet Pails, 7s. 6d. each. Toilet Cans, 6s.							
Chamber Slop Pails, japanned green outside and red inside, small, 3s.; middle, 4s.; large, 5s. 6d.							
Chamber Candlesticks, complete with Snuffers and Extinguisher, 6d. Ditto, better, 9d. to 3s.							
Cash Boxes, with Tumbler Locks, 5s.; 6s. 6d.; & 7s. 6d.							
Ditto ditto, with Patent Locks, 10s. 6d.							
Deed Boxes, japanned Brown, with Locks, 12 inches long, 11s.; 14in. 15s.; 16in. 18s.; 18in. 21s.							
Candle Boxes, 1s. 4d. Candle or Rush Safes, 2s. 6d. each.							
Cinder Pails or Sifters, japanned Brown, 9s. 6d. & 11s.							

[illegible]

Block Tin, with Iron Handles and Iron Spouts . . .
Oblong shape, with round Barrel Handles and Iron Spout

Small Set.

1	Bread Grater	0s. 6
1	Pair Brass Candlesticks	2 6
1	Bottle Jack	7 6
1	Tin Candlestick	1 3
1	Candle Box	0 10
1	Meat Chopper	1 6
1	Cinder Sifter	1 0
1	Coffee Pot	1 0
1	Colander	1 0
1	Dripping Pan & Stand	5 0
1	Dust Pan	0 6
1	Slice	0 6
1	Fish Kettle	4 0
1	Flour Box	0 8
2	Flat Irons	1 8
1	Fryingpan	1 2
1	Gridiron	1 0
1	Mustard Pot	1 0
1	Salt Cellar	0 8
1	Pepper Box	0 6
1	Block Tin Butter Sauce- pan	1 6
2	Iron Saucepans	6 0
2	Iron Stewpans	3 6
1	Boiling Pot, Iron	7 0
1	Set of Skewers	4 6
6	Knives and Forks	4 6
3	Spoons	0 9
1	Tea Pot and 1 Tea Tray	6 0
1	Toasting Fork	0 6
1	Tea Kettle	4 6
	£3 10	0

1 Bread Grater	1s. 0
1 Pair Brass Candlesticks	3 0
1 Bottle Jack	7 6
1 Pair of Bellows	1 4
2 Tin Candlesticks	2 6
1 Candle Box	1 4
1 Cheese Toaster	1 4
1 Chopper	1 9
1 Cinder Sifter	1 3
1 Coffee Pot	1 3
1 Colander	1 3
1 Dripping Pan & Stand	5 6
1 Dust Pan	0 8
1 Fish Slice	1 0
1 Fish Kettle	5 6
Pepper and Flour Boxes	1 2
3 Flat Irons	3 0
1 Fryingpan	1 9
1 Gridiron	1 3
2 Jelly Moulds	5 6
1 Mustard Pot	1 0
1 Salt Cellar	0 8
1 Plate Basket	5 6
2 Block Tin Saucepans	3 6
3 Iron Saucepans	7 6
1 Saucepan and Steamer	3 6
1 Large Boiling Pot	9 6
3 Stewpans	7 0
1 Set of Skewers	0 6
6 Knives and Forks	5 6
6 Iron Spoons	1 6
1 Tea Pot and 1 Tea Tray	0 6
1 Toasting Fork	0 6
1 Tea Kettle	6 6

1	Bread Grater	1	8
1	Pail Brass Candlesticks	3	6
1	Bottle Jack	9	6
1	Pail of Bellows	2	8
2	Deep Tin Candlesticks	2	8
1	Candle Box	1	4
1	Cheese Toaster	1	10
1	Chopper for Meat	2	0
1	Cinder Sifter	1	6
1	Coffee Pot	2	3
1	Coal Shovel	2	6
1	Colander	1	6
1	Dripping Pan & Stand	1	0
1	Dust Pan	7	0
1	Egg Slice	1	0
1	Fish Slice	1	3
2	Fish Kettles	10	6
1	Flour Box	1	0
3	Flat Irons	4	0
2	Fryingpans	4	4
	Gridiron, with fluted bars	3	6
1	Wood Meat Screen	30	0
3	Jelly Moulds	8	3
1	Mustard Pot	1	0
1	Salt Cellar	0	8
1	Pepper Box	0	6
1	Wicker Plate Basket, lined with Tin	7	6
3	Block Tin Saucepans	6	0
4	Iron Saucepans	12	3
1	Saucepan and Steamer	4	6
1	Large Boiling Pot, Iron	10	6
4	Stewpans, Iron	9	0
2	Sets of Skewers	1	6
6	Knives and Forks	5	6
1	Iron Spoons	1	6
1	Tea Pot	3	0
1	Tea Tray	1	0
1	Toasting Fork	1	0
1	Egg Whisk	0	9
1	Tea Kettle	7	7

£8 19 3

EDINBURGH ALE AND SCOTCH WHISKEY CELLARS.

THOMAS HENDERSON & CO., 8, GREAT WINDMILL STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

FOR CASH ONLY.

	Quarts.	Pints.
Edinburgh Table Ale, highly hopped, per doz.	4s.	2s. 3d.
Finest and strongest made	8s.	4s. 3d.
Barclay's Double Stout	7s.	4s.
Guinness's Extra	7s.	4s.

GENUINE SCOTCH WHISKEY.	
Old Malt	per Gall. 18s.
Campbelton	" 20s.
Islay	" 21s.

Bottles 3s. per dozen.—Full price allowed for Bottles and Packages when returned.

ITALIAN, ALABASTER, MARBLE, AND DERBYSHIRE SPAR ORNAMENTS.

An extensive and superior assortment of the above is kept on sale by J. TENNANT (successor to J. MAWE), 149, Strand, consisting of Groups, Single Figures, beautiful inlaid Tables, Vases, Obelisks, Candlesticks, Paper-weights, Inkstands, &c. &c.; together with Shells, Minerals, and Geological Specimens, which can either be had in single specimens, or carefully arranged in Collections from Two to Fifty Guineas each; by J. Tennant, 149, Strand, Lecturer on Mineralogy in King's College, London.

PATENTEES OF A NEWLY-INVENTED CARRIAGE PARASOL.

ELEGANT
AND
FASHIONABLE
PARASOLS,
from
Two Guineas
to
Two Shillings.
Chiné and other Silks
of the
Newest Patterns.



RIDING CANES
and
WHIPS
of
Entirely New Designs,
in
Gold and Silver,
from
Ten Guineas
to
Five Shillings.

DRESS CANES IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES,

From Twenty Guineas to Five Shillings each.

W. & J. SANGSTER,
140, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

WHOLESALE MANUFACTORY, 3 AND 4, POPPIN'S COURT, FLEET-STREET, OPPOSITE
THEIR CITY ESTABLISHMENT.

GENTLEMAN'S

Superfine Dress Coat	2 7 6
Extra Saxony, the best that is made	2 15 0
Summer Frock - Coat, silk facings	2 10 0
Buckskin or double-milled Cas. smere Trousers, 17s 6d. to 1 5 0	
New Patterns, Summer Trou. sers, 10s. 6d. per pair, or 3 pr.	1 10 0
Summer Waistcoats, 7s. or 3, 1 0 0	
Splendid Silk Valencia Dress	1 0 0
Waistcoats, 10s. 6d. each, or 3 1 10 0	
Morning Dressing Gowns	0 15 0
Evening Gowns	0 15 0
Pilot P. Jackets, bound, and Silk or Velvet Collars	1 10 0
Camlet Cloak, lined	1 10 0
Cloth Opera Cloak	1 10 0
Army Cloth Blue Spanish Cloak, 9 1/2 yards round	2 10 0
Scarlet Hunting Coat	3 3 0
Capital Shooting Jackets	1 10 0

CITY CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

CONTRACTS BY THE YEAR.
Originated by E. P. & SON, and universally adopted by CLERGYMEN and PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN, for the purpose of securing MORE REGULAR and ECONOMICAL THEIR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST EVER OFFERED:—
Two Suits per Year, Superfine 7 7—Extra Saxony, the best that is made 8 6 6
Three Suits per Year, ditto 14 14—Extra Saxony, ditto 12 5 5
Four Suits per Year, ditto 17 17—Extra Saxony, ditto 15 15 15
(THE OLD SUITS TO BE RETURNED.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN,

Preferring their Clothes Fashionably made, at a FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE, are respectfully informed, that by a Post-paid Application, they will receive a Prospectus, explanatory of their system of business, Directions for Measurement, and a Statement of Prices. Or if Three or Four Gentlemen unite, one of the Travellers will be dispatched immediately to wait on them.

REGIMENTALS AND NAVAL UNIFORMS.

FIRST-RATE BOYS' CLOTHING.

Skeleton Dresses	0 18	0—Camlet Cloaks	9 8 6
Tunic and Hussar Suits	1 10	0—Cloth Cloaks	0 15 6

STATE LIVERIES SPLENDIDLY MADE.

Foosman's Suit of Liveries, £3 3 0—Great Coat, with Cape, 42 18 0

E. P. DOUDNEY & SON,
49, LOMBARD STREET. Established 1784.



LADIES' RIDING HABITS.

NEW LABEL.

In consequence of the great variety of Counterfeit Wrappers of "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL" now in circulation, and which so nearly resemble the Original as frequently to deceive the unwary—the Proprietors, acting under a sense of duty, and regardless of expense in the attainment of their object—the protection of the Public from fraud and imposition, have employed those celebrated artists *Messrs. Perkins and Bacon*, who have succeeded in producing "A NEW LABEL" from steel, of so complicated and intricate a nature, and of such excessive difficulty of execution, as to amount to an impossibility of Imitation, and to be considered by connoisseurs a Masterpiece in the art of Engraving.

The label forms a combination of beautiful designs—a portion encircling a BUST of Her Majesty the "Queen"—which surmounts the words, in two lines—

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

(The ground-work is composed of the most elaborate and chaste patterns of lace-work.) Under which are the Signature and Address of the Proprietors, in red,

A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden, London.
Counter-signed ALEX. ROWLAND.

The Label is backed by a design so exquisite and minute as to defy competition: it comprises the words "Rowland's Macassar Oil," written nearly 1500 times, and containing 29,028 letters.
20, Hatton Garden, London, January 1, 1840.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

The extraordinary efficacy and happy amalgamation of its PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS, have enabled it triumphantly to pass through every MEDICAL and PHYSIOLOGICAL test, until it has now become justly renowned throughout the world for its remarkable virtues in *nourishing, preserving, and beautifying* the HUMAN HAIR. To enter here into anything like a full detail of its several *transcendent properties*, would be an act of supererogation of the Proprietors, who have already more fully treated on the subject in the little Pamphlet which accompanies each bottle of their Macassar Oil, and wherein *useful hints and advice* will be found on the subjects of *Baldness, Grey Hair*, and on the early culture of *Children's Hair, &c. &c.* At present, it will be merely sufficient to briefly notice some of its *principal virtues*, as a mild *stimulative, corrective, and preservative agent* to the *Hair*.

It is the only article that produces and restores HAIR; also WHISKERS, MUSTACHIOS, and EYE-BROWS; prevents *Hair* from falling off, or turning grey to the latest period of life; changes grey hair to its original colour—frees it from *scurf*, and makes it beautifully *SOFT, CURLY, and GLOSSY*. In dressing HAIR, it keeps it firm in the *curl*, uninjured by *damp weather, crowded Assemblies, the dance*, or in the exercise of *riding*. To *Children* it is invaluable, as it lays a foundation for a BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Originals may be seen at the Proprietors.

To MESSRS. ROWLAND and SON, 20, Hatton Garden, London.

GENTLEMEN,—I deem it a duty I owe to yourselves and the Public, to acquaint you of the beneficial effects of your highly valuable MACASSAR OIL. Four months ago, in consequence of some unaccountable disease, the whole of my hair fell off. I immediately purchased a bottle of your Oil, and applied it to my head, morning and night: a fortnight after the application of the Oil, the hair was visible in a few places. I persevered in its use, and in another month my hair was perfectly restored. I shall use every means in my power to recommend your Oil to those persons who may need it: nay, I think it ought always to be used.

Bury St. Edmund's, Oct. 29, 1838.

I am, Sirs, your obedient Servant,

JOHN CAWDOR.

GENTLEMEN,—In justice to you and to the Public, I wish to communicate another proof of the valuable quality of your far-famed Macassar Oil. I had the misfortune to be attacked in the summer with a violent cold, attended with fever; on my recovery my hair came off rapidly, so that in a fortnight I became completely bald. After trying several preparations to no effect, I was recommended to use your Macassar Oil by a Friend, who had experienced its good effects: in three months my hair was restored, and is now thicker than ever, and keeps longer in curl. I shall still use your Oil, and shall be happy to testify the above to any person.

Parsons' Lane Terrace, Hammersmith.

I am, Gentlemen, yours truly obliged,

MARIAN M. MASON.

Caution.—Ask for "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL," and observe their NAME and ADDRESS, in *Red*, on the Wrapper, as above.

The lowest price is 3s. 6d.—the next prices are 7s.—10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle.

(Some Impostors call their trash the "GENUINE," and omit the "&" in the Signature, offering it for sale under the lure of being cheap.)

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is sold by the Proprietors, as above, and by respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders.